Vol. CXL, No 1826

The BYSTANDER

RIVIERA NUMBER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 14—December 20

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last 3 days).

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle, Hermione Hannen, in Esmé Church's production of Sheridan: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sidney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Sir Orpheus Midlander

Ernest Thesiger plays a British diplomat in Shaw's satiric lament for the League, "Geneva," at the Saville

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 113.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Brown up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Christmas Specials

WINTER CAVALCADE.—Unprecedented and unique ice and snow spectacle indoors: Earl's Court, 2.30 and 8.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.30 only.

LET 'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', from Mon., 19th.

GATE THEATRE REVUE.—Topical and satirical, with Hermione Gingold: from Mon., 19th.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, from Mon., 19th.

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE (French) and ZAUBER DER BOHÈME (Austrian).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers; and Kiepura and Eggerth in Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (American).—Reginald Owen, Terry Kilburn and others in a film of Dickens' tale: Empire.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—Hollywood scenery and a European cast—Luise Rainer, Milizà Korjus and Fernand Gravey—in a mighty Viennese spectacle round Johann Strauss: His Majesty's Theatre.

GUIDING OF THE MOON (American).—Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay in this: Regal.

I'M NO ANGEL and THE SCOUNDREL (American).—Mae West and Noel Coward revive for Christmas: Carlton.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MANY TANKS, MR. ATKINS (British).—Claude Hulbert and Reginald Purdell in a comedy of army life: Warner.

PARIS HONEYMOON (American).—Bing Crosby, Edward Everett Horton, Franciska Gaal and Akim Tamiroff in a gay musical: Plaza.

ROOM SERVICE (American).—The Marx brothers in the American stage farce filmed: Odeon.

SUEZ (American).—Pretentious and false representation of de Lesseps' noble life-work; Tyrone Power, Annabella and Loretta Young: New Gallery.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper are the youngsters, Melvyn Douglas the grown-up, in an adolescent's story: Leicester Square.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST, with full ballet.—To-night, 14th, 8.

CASSE-NOISETTE, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET.—Thurs., 15th, 8.30.

DON CARLOS.—Fri., 16th, 8.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 17th, 2.30.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 17th, 8.

RIGOLETTO.—Tues., 20th, 8.

MUSIC

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.—Reginald Goodall conducts in Act I. of "Semele," Three Motets by Palestrina, and Tchaikowsky's 5th Symphony: Royal College of Music, to-night, 14th, 8.15.

THE MESSIAH.—The L.P.O. and Royal Opera Choir under Sir Thomas Beecham in Handel's Oratorio: Queen's Hall, Sat., 17th, 3.

CAROLS.—Three soloists and the Royal Choral Society under Sargent: Albert Hall, Sat., 17th, 2.30.

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Bystander

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Lord Baldwin Appeals for the Refugees

"To-night I have to speak to you in a world's good cause. I have to ask you to come to the aid of the victims not of any catastrophe in the natural world . . . but of an explosion of man's inhumanity to man." Last Thursday night Lord Baldwin made his fine and moving appeal for the victims of religious and racial persecution in Europe, speaking on behalf of all the religious communities of England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. His speech was broadcast simultaneously to the United States. Next day the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees was opened in every branch of every bank in the country, at Thames House, and at *The Times* office, and a meeting promoted by the Lord Mayor of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Hinsley and Lord Rothschild was held at the Mansion House to support the Appeal. Lord Baldwin is the chairman of the committee which will administer the Fund through the existing refugee organisations. He was in the news earlier in the week as host to the King at a dinner-party in his Eaton Square house, at which Socialist Members, including Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood, were present, and also the Prime Minister

The Franco-German pact, *signed in state at the Quai d'Orsay last week, assured an utterly unconvinced Europe that France and Germany had no further quarrel to settle; conversely, if there were one, the governments promised to submit it to arbitration. Here M. Bonnet, French Foreign Minister, blots his signature with a flourish while von Ribbentrop sourly signs. Meanwhile the Maginot and Siegfried lines buzzed with continued activity*

Nicholas Eden *came from his prep. school to see his father and mother off to America, where the former is to see President Roosevelt and to lecture. Although Mr. Anthony Eden stated that his visit was private, a spokesman told the Commons it had the Government's approval and good wishes*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE colonial question has now been elevated to an issue of the first rank by Mr. MacDonald's explicit statement that the Government is not considering the transfer of colonies or mandated territory, and that this issue is not now practical politics—a categorical statement of this sort, of course, actually brings the issue into the sphere of practical politics. After all that Herr Hitler has said about German colonial claims, he cannot be expected to allow Mr. MacDonald to close the matter like this. We haven't heard the end of this by a very long chalk.

THE Franco-German Declaration was signed in extraordinary circumstances. The Italian Press campaign for what is called the "restoration" of Tunis, Corsica and Nice was exactly timed to make the Franco-German negotiations as difficult as possible. It is only two years since Signor Mussolini announced to the world that he had no further territorial ambitions. Yet the Italian Press is entirely controlled by him. The technique is painfully like the technique of the Axis before the Czechoslovak crisis.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON has plumped for a voluntary register and the publication of twenty million hand-books. There is, of course, a wide divergence of opinion in the country on this question of volunteers versus conscripts. Personally, I am strongly in favour of compulsion for all citizens in all walks of life, and I am also strongly in favour of Mr. Winston Churchill being put in command of the co-ordination of the country's defences.

MR. VERNON BARTLETT, the remarkable victor of the Bridgwater by-election, won golden opinions from all parts of the House of Commons with his maiden speech. He told one admirable story of the election. His opponent said at a meeting that Mr. Chamberlain went to Munich like a British bulldog, whereupon a rustic called out from the back of the hall: "Why didn't he go like a retriever and bring summat back?"

Mr. Bartlett urged that Sir John Anderson's schemes for A.R.P. should be launched with the greatest possible pageantry. He is quite right, especially with regard to the English. There is nothing that the English people like more than dressing up in fancy dress. In fact, I have always thought that it is the secret ambition of every Englishman to be either a beefeater, a herald, the beadle of the Bank of England, or a District Messenger boy.

HIS Lordship of Beaverbrook urges that Jamaica should buy cotton from Lancashire in the same way that Puerto Rico buys cotton goods from the United States. At present, he said, Puerto Rico buys four hundred and forty per cent. more from the U.S.A. than Jamaica from Lancashire. Unfortunately the *Manchester Guardian* has discovered an American trade report which shows that the export of cotton goods to Puerto Rico is simply a device to get them hand-embroidered by cheap native labour, after which the whole lot is sent back to America. The four hundred and forty per cent., therefore, dwindles to precisely zero—a considerable difference!

IT is easy to understand the attitude of the India Office towards the film of the Relief of Lucknow. But it is almost easier to sympathise with the film company. If the Board of Censors had banned the film when it was first suggested, thousands of pounds would have been saved which have already been spent. It is pretty hard luck, too, on the seven or eight hundred people who have been thrown out of work just before Christmas. But surely the logical development is that the India Office should now take steps to remove all trace of the Residency at Lucknow, which stands as a memorial to the siege and over which the Union Jack flies day and night.

MR. GEORGE BLACK, the famous impresario of the Palladium, is planning to transform the Adelphi Theatre

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages J to O before the Frontispiece.

into a twice-nightly music-hall. It is interesting to watch the swing of the pendulum of public taste back to Variety. In the old days, Variety was immensely popular, and produced geniuses like Marie Lloyd and George Robey. Then came the cinema, and Variety faded. Now it is coming back. The Palladium, the Windmill, the Coliseum, the Holborn Empire, and now the Adelphi will soon be producing the old-fashioned fun simultaneously in the West End.

THE International Theatre Club produced a play the other night which achieved a remarkable feat. It dramatised the famous old story of the woman who arrived in Paris during an exhibition, died of bubonic plague and was spirited away by the police, to the great bewilderment of her daughter. This is one of the most famous stories in the world, and the achievement of the International Theatre Club was that its play succeeded in making the story uncommonly dull. I wouldn't have thought that such a thing was possible.

THE *Pygmalion* film is interesting technically, because it depends for its success almost entirely upon the dialogue rather than upon the action. It shows, in fact, that a well-written film can be incomparably better than a film in which the dialogue is punk but the action is good. It is possible that *Pygmalion* may start a fashion in what you might call "author films" as against "producer films." The dialogue keeps very close all through to the original script of Shaw's play.

SOMEBODY has discovered a signal-box in Lincolnshire called Maud Foster, after the lady who owned the land in 1568. Previously a ditch in the same neighbourhood had been called Maud Foster, and, as the gentleman who has told the world about this interesting voice from the past so deliciously put it, the name is doubly perpetuated. (What is twice perpetuity, anyway?) There is a railway station just outside Aberdeen called Kitty Brewster, but I never could discover who Kitty was. And who was Peggy Bedford—the name of a village in Middlesex?

IN the chart of best-sellers in America this week, Miss Daphne du Maurier is second with *Rebecca*, and Mr. Howard Spring is fourth with his novel that has been re-christened over there *My Son, My Son*. Dr. Cronin is eighth with *The Citadel*. And in the non-fiction chart, the leading British writer is Dr. Lancelot Hogben, whose *Science for the Citizen* is eighth.

I WAS asked a few days ago how many book-tokens I thought had been sold this year, and I guessed about 10,000. The answer is more than a quarter of a million, and it is confidently expected in the trade that before the end of the year the figure will top 350,000.

IN these days of horrible modern words and phrases, the low-watermark, I think, is reached by "Tactile Bee." This, it appears, is a new form of entertainment in television. People are blindfolded and given various objects to touch, and they have to identify them, the whole proceedings being thrown on to the television screen. The earliest form of Tactile Bee that I can recall was organised by Ivan the Terrible of Russia. After a dinner-party the wives present were paraded with bags over their heads and not much else, and each husband had to identify his wife, the losers being sent to Siberia.

THE prize for courage during the week goes to the gentlemen who jeered in the street at Mr. Frank Hough, the famous boxer who used to fight so industriously and energetically at the National Sporting Club. Years ago I used to play golf with Bombardier Wells, and, most prudently, I never jeered at him, however short a putt he might have missed. The prize for modesty, on the other hand, goes to the Lord High Chancellor of England, who said in the House of Lords the other day, when speaking on a Bill to keep down rabbits, that he was talking "in the guise of a Sussex farmer."

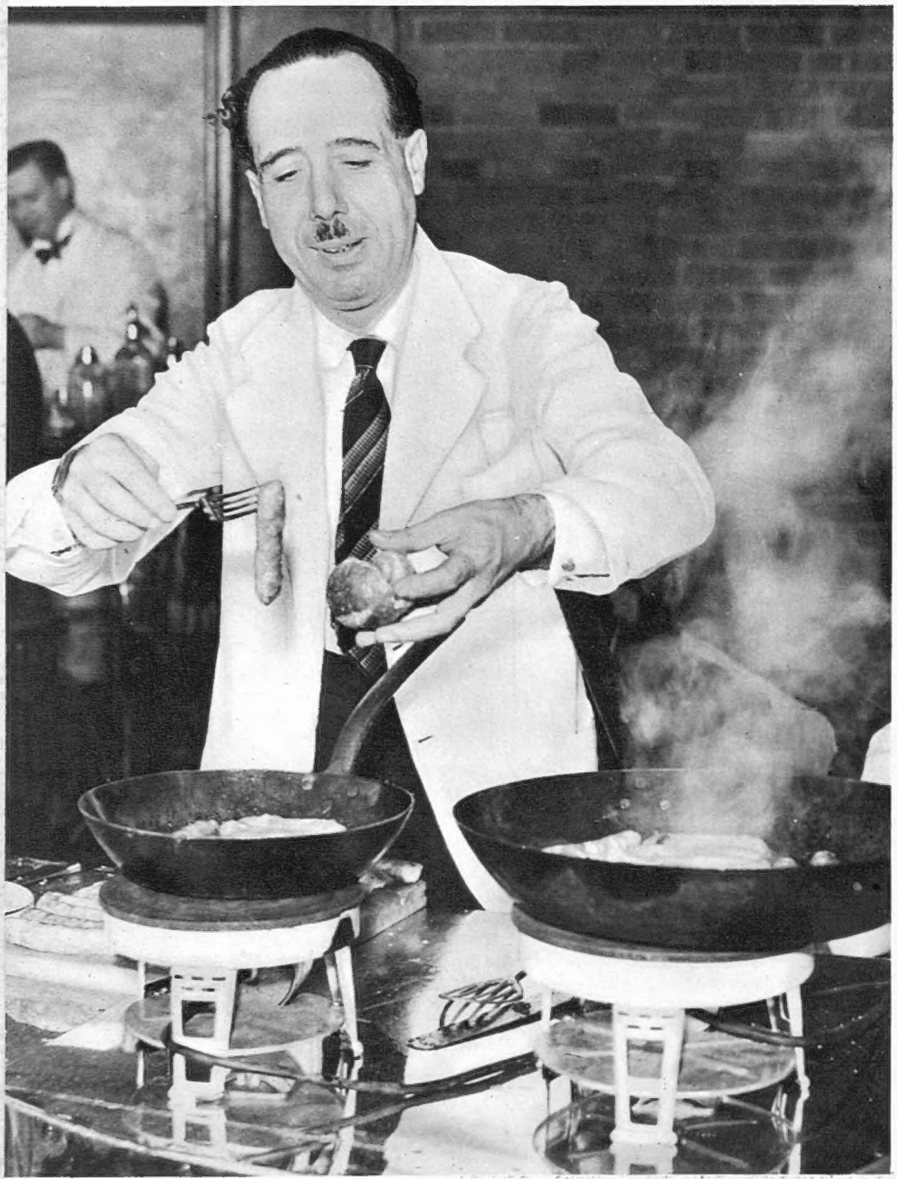
LOCAL patriotism is an admirable quality, but surely the Recorder of Halifax was going a little too far in the debate on the respective merits of Yorkshiremen against the men of Dorset. Speaking of Yorkshire's cricket, and Herbert Sutcliffe in particular, he said that for years when Sutcliffe was out, England was out. Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., who was in the chair, promptly ruled the remark out of order on the ground that it was unfair to the reputation of a certain former Surrey batsman. Mr. Baxter was right. Sutcliffe would be the first to agree that Hobbs was a greater cricketer.

I WENT to the University Rugby Football match last week and came away with my conviction reinforced that, except for a very occasional moment, Rugby football is a pretty boring game to watch. And surely it is the only game in existence in which the players are applauded if they kick the ball out of play and stop the game! Imagine Patsy Hendren fielding at deep square-leg at Lord's, picking up the ball, and throwing it over the tavern in order to give his side a breathing space. But 40,000 people seemed to enjoy the match, so I expect that, as usual, I am wrong.

Cabinet critic at a shoot: *Mr. Winston Churchill, harrier sans peur et sans reproche of the Government's foreign policy, expended his marksmanship on the Duke of Westminster's birds at Eaton Hall, near Chester, last week. On the left is the host, centre is Lord Brownlow, right is Mr. Churchill*

Cabinet Minister in the Row: *Sir John Anderson, Lord Privy Seal, rode in the Row with his daughter Mary after announcing and broadcasting on his scheme for a voluntary national register, which drew on him the opprobrium of more bureaucratic Conservatives. (See Mr. Macdonell's note opposite re Sir John, Mr. Churchill and defence)*

Occupational News Reel

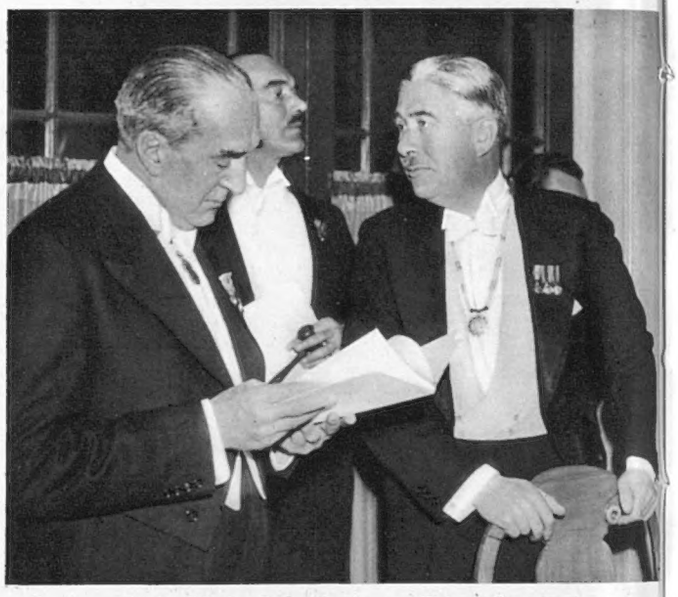


Antoni Sala, 'Cellist, Serves Hot-Dogs

White-coated and deft-fingered, this Spanish "hot-dog" merchant did a frizzling trade at the Royal Horticultural Hall last week. His roll-and-sausage creations filled aching socialite voids at the Merry Market in aid of the Great Ormond Street Sick Children's Hospital (see also page 402). Señor Sala in better-known guise is the brilliant 'cellist, who makes London his home between concert tours

Exercise Experts Watch a Snow Display

Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton went to the first night of "Winter Cavalcade" at Earl's Court to see the ski jumping and running. She, as the head of the League of Health and Beauty, is an expert in human movement, and in private life they share a taste for outdoor energy



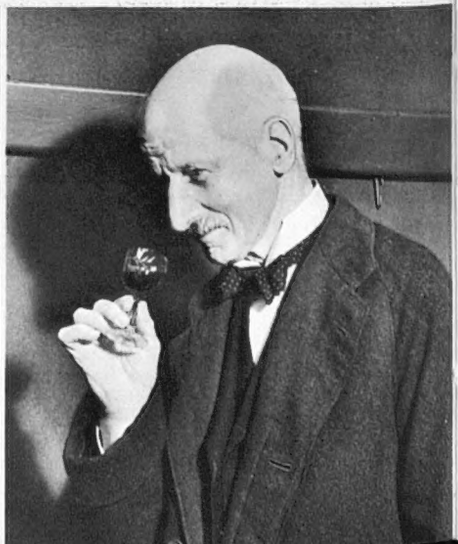
Australia's High Commissioner Joins Gastronomes

Mr. S. M. Bruce was the chief guest at the Réunion des Gastronome dinner, and proposed the health of the Society. Its president (right) is Captain H. Hills, managing director of the Langham Hotel. The seven-course dinner, prepared in the May Fair Hotel kitchen, made a menu that merited Mr. Bruce's close and reverent attention

Cigar-smelling: *Captain F. H. D. Vickerman holds an expert nose over a box of very choice cigars at Christie's*

Wine inspection: *Mr. E. Russell Morris's connoisseurship is as mellow as his eighty-eight years. He used to own vineyards in California. He was also at the sale at Christie's*

Bouquet-sniffing: *Mr. Hubert A. Butler has been in the wine trade for fifty-two years, so bouquets are all work to him*



Political Experts Judge an Ankle Display

Robert Grant-Ferris and Douglas Cooke, Members respectively for North St. Pancras and South Hammersmith, were judges of an ankle competition at the London Conservatives' Christmas Party at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court

Alice Marble (right) made her debut as a supper-club singer a fortnight ago. Her deep, rich voice filled (via the inevitable "mike") the Sert Room of New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to the accompaniment of Emil Coleman's orchestra. She is Women's Singles Tennis Champion of America, and semi-finalist at Wimbledon

Tennis Champion as Singer

Susi Hock (below) made her debut as a broadcasting organist last night (Tuesday). In private life she is the Viennese wife of astronomer Sir James Jeans. She broadcast directly from this organ in their Box Hill home, Cleveland Lodge

Astronomer's Wife as Organist

A Novelist Wins a Prize

Pearl S. Buck has been awarded the 1938 Nobel Prize for Literature, was photographed in London on her way to Stockholm to receive it. Her husband, Capt. Richard J. Walsh, went to Sweden with her. Her first novel, "The Good Earth," won her fame and the Pulitzer Prize

An Artist Holds an Exhibition

Ignacio Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, opened his exhibition at the Burlington Galleries last Friday. He is sixty-nine, and this is his first London show. Here he is with his portrait of Juan Belmonte, the great bull-fighter. Señor Zuloaga has put into his exhibition one El Greco picture, "Profane Love," which has never been shown before, and which he bought many years ago, before El Greco prices soared into the thousands class

Mr. Patrick Spens and Miss Susan Pilkington

Thomas Patrick Douglas Spens, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh B. Spens, of Powis House, by Stirling. Margaret Susan Douglas Pilkington is the daughter of Alan D. Pilkington and the late Mrs. Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, and Achvarasdal, Thurso, Caithness. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and have gone to Switzerland for their honeymoon

The Hon. Langton Iliffe and Miss du Plessis

Edward Langton Iliffe, Lord and Lady Iliffe's elder son, and Renée Merandon du Plessis were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Coventry. The parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. R. Merandon du Plessis, of 97, Bryanston Court, held the reception afterwards at Chandos House, Queen Anne Street, lent by the bride's aunt, Lady Kemsley

Mr. Campbell Preston

Patrick Campbell Preston, the were married at St. John's, of the late Colonel R. C. bell Preston, of Ardchattan, of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur

Merry Market Organisers and Saleswomen

The two-day Merry Market at the Royal Horticultural Hall is an annual affair, in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital reconstruction fund. The hon. sec., Mrs. G. W. Hobbs, and the hon. organiser, the Hon. Margaret Bigge, work for months to make it the success it is. Below: at the game stall, which included Sandringham pheasants from the King, are Mrs. Guy de Pass and the Hon. Mrs. D. Erskine

Antique Dealer

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett was a Merry Market saleswoman. Her antique stall display included a fine plate and two vases in Chelsea china from Queen Mary. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Kent also sent gifts

Haberdasher

The Countess of Haddington sold flowers and feathers and other "small articles of dress" (a haberdasher's wares) for the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. She was vice-chairman of the Merry Market committee. The Duchess of Roxburghe was chairman

and Miss Frances Grenfell

Black Watch, and Frances Grenfell Smith Square. He is the second son Campbell Preston and Mrs. Camp-Connel, Argyll. She is the daughter Grenfell, of 37, Chesham Place, S.W.1

Fraulein Erica Popp and Mr. Seaman

Richard John Beattie-Seaman and Erica Popp, of Munich, were married at Caxton Hall register office. He is the son of the late W. J. Beattie-Seaman and Mrs. Beattie-Seaman, of 7, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7. To the motoring world he is "Dick" Seaman; was recently judged by the International Sports Commission the second racing driver in Europe

Buyers at a Bazaar

The Duke and Duchess of Leeds bought toys at the Waifs and Strays Society's Bazaar at the Dorchester. The Queen went to a concert in connection with the Bazaar, proceeds of which go to the Countess of Strathmore Memorial Building at the new training centre at Redbourn, Herts.

Social Register: Four Weddings and Four Charity Events of the Week

The Countess of Enniskillen and Miss Sonia Syers

Lady Enniskillen took her daughter, Sonia Syers, to the gala premiere of Verdi's opera "Don Carlos," which was given last week at Sadler's Wells in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. A fine performance was given of this rarely-performed opera. It was sung for the first time in English, in a translation made by the producer Sumner Austin

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were at the cocktail-party given by the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh in connection with the Blue Bird Ball. Mr. Fermor-Hesketh was on the committee of the Ball, which was held last night at the Dorchester, in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Ernest Simpson was the Duchess of Windsor's second husband

"The Rivals"

The Old Vic has put on a delightfully fresh and gay production of the Sheridan comedy. The only consolation for the briefness of its run (which ends on the 17th) is that the Egyptians, the Italians, the Portuguese, and the Greeks will soon have the pleasure of seeing it. On January 19th the company leaves for a four-months' tour, beginning at Lisbon, going on to Italy and Egypt, and ending at Athens. Their eight-play repertoire includes also *Hamlet* and *Henry V.* (both Alec Guinness leads), Shaw, Priestley, Pinero, and *Libel* by special request of the Egyptian Government, who have set the play for their matriculation examination. The Old Vic itself is taking a week's holiday before Christmas, and then putting on last year's exquisite production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Boxing Day. Robert Helpmann is Oberon again, Dorothy Hyson and Edward Chapman will be Titania and Bottom

Sir Anthony Absolute, *testy but warm-hearted, is Lewis Casson*

Bob Acres *shows himself a likeable, modest eccentric in Alec Guinness's hands*

Photographs by Anthony

Lydia Languish, *charmingly affected, is Hermione Hannen;* ***Jack Absolute*** *woos her in Anthony Quayle's person;* ***Mrs. Malaprop*** *drops her verbal bricks with a natural eloquence and the voice of Ellen Compton. Esmé Church has produced the play, and Stewart Chaney designed the sets and dresses*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 100

Eric Coates

ERIC COATES, the author of the "Knightsbridge March," "Stonecracker John," and other compositions which are whistled, hummed, played and sung all over the world, became a musician strictly against the wishes of his father, a Nottingham surgeon. As a boy he was too delicate to go to a public school. Then, after he had finished with his tutor, he got permission, with great difficulty, to be allowed one year at the Royal Academy of Music. It was, however, as a viola player, not as a composer, that he first caught the eye of his professors. Within six months he won a scholarship. Within a year he was independent.

For he took his viola to practically every theatre orchestra in London and even earned half-guineas at small orchestral concerts. Though he did not realise it at the time, this experience was invaluable, teaching him what he now says is all he knows about orchestration. (Yes; for seven years he was the principal viola player at the Queen's Hall, under Sir Henry Wood, and he was still plying the catgut when his first orchestral work—the Miniature Suite which includes that delightful wiggly little tune, "Scène de Bal"—was first performed.) In the meantime he had married his wife, who was only seventeen at the time and who has since written the words for most of his songs. It was when his son was aged four that he composed *The Three Bears*, for which he was best known before he composed the London Suite, which includes the famous "Knightsbridge March." His latest, which he calls his most important work, is *The Enchanted Garden*, an enlarged version of *Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs*, written in 1930.

Few composers are able to tell you just how they compose. Eric Coates is the exception. He says that there is always music in his head. Then he has to focus and pin it down, concentrating on a particular point until the theme is evolved. Having done so, he goes for a succession of walks from his penthouse in Chiltern Court to Bond Street. There is a particular lamp-post at the corner of Harley Street and Marylebone Road which nearly always inspires him. Each time he approaches it he says to himself: "I wonder what I'll get this time." The "Oxford Street March," which may become even more popular than the "Knightsbridge March," came to him just there. As for the "Knightsbridge March," he heard it in his head the first time just like a pipe. The funny thing was that he only heard the second half and couldn't think how to start it. So he walked towards his lamp-post, and before he was half-way down Harley Street he had got the lot, hearing the whole surrounding accompaniment before he had crossed Oxford Street.

BUT no wonder that his affection for the viola always causes him to give the viola a break when orchestrating, which he does unaided. For nobody ever touches his work from the moment he puts it on paper to the time it is published. Meantime, he is the only link between straight stuff and dance stuff, and believes that rhythm used classically, or rather, seriously, invigorates music (in fact, he has even written a fox-trot or two under a nom-de-plume, but is very coy about it). When not composing, Coates is very keen on changing motor-cars and cameras, and all kinds of mechanics fascinate him. But, after all, a full score is a mechanical problem, isn't it? Food doesn't interest him. He just likes schnappes and week-ending in his London flat, despite his charming old house outside Chichester, which he only uses for thinking out orchestration.

As to his appearance, Eric Coates really looks like a composer. He is five foot seven, with greying hair, slightly sunken brown eyes, sad smile, and you should see his hands. . . .

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" He wants to take me round the world, but I 'd rather go somewhere else "

" SID THE SLASHER " was Mr. Hickey's not unapt name in the *Express* for the chap who has been leaping from dark entries and slashing women with razor-blades in Yorkshire for fun, and who may turn out to be the successor to Jack the Ripper, he who so terrified and beglamoured our parents in the nutty 'nineties. Sid, however, is obviously just an amateur slasher ripe for the loony-bin, whereas Jack, who was never caught, ripped scientifically and with ghastly expertise. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes used Jack with great skill in that first-rank thriller of hers, *The Lodger*, blending in some of the more engaging aspects of Dr. Neil Cream, who used to give chance-met women tiny cachets of strychnine for fun. Or so Mr. Alexander Woollcott decides, and he knows practically everything there is. Sid the Slasher is no such dæmonic, towering figure, and we guess Freud or Kraft-Ebing has marked down his type, rightly or wrongly, long ago, the poor fish.

A wave of sadism is undoubtedly sweeping the world at the moment, apart from—or because of ?—all the wars and threats and pogroms. Cruelty to children is vastly increasing in these islands, the B.B.C. is spending more on variety turns, smart women are becoming redder in lip and claw, horses and Parliamentary Glamour Girls are lashing out in all directions, booksy and Fitness Girls are writing and stamping like mad, Auntie *Times's* " third leaders " get more and more arch, the Fleet Street boys are getting awful words like " grill " and " flay " and " lash " into headlines reporting mild, vague sayings by vague, mild politicians, and the other day somebody even stole up behind and tried to land us with a free stall for a Sunday night play-première. All this must stop.

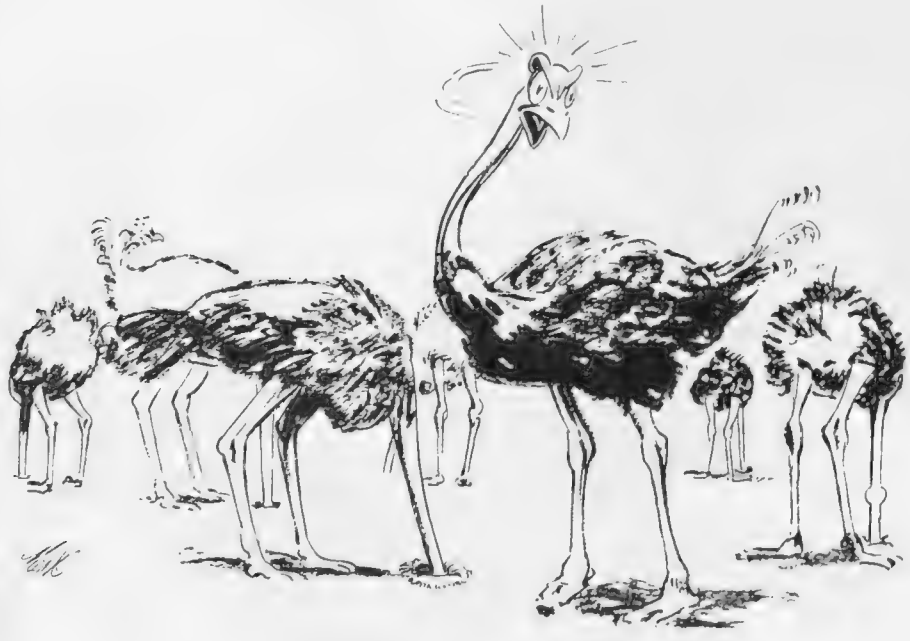
Fan

WHEN driven into a corner and threatened with violence we are generally forced to confess that, next to Mickey Mouse, our favourite screen performer is La Hepburn, who seems to us to be almost wholly civilised and to possess a highly irritating charm. Nevertheless, we became slightly alarmed when La Hepburn's name, included by Hollywood among a group of other merely " feature " players in the cast of a new film, had to be restored to stardom over a London cinema façade after heated protests by local British fans. It alarmed us slightly because this kind of mob enthusiasm was once expended on native flesh-and-blood actors whom their admirers knew, and is now expended on distant shades on celluloid whom nobody knows, outside Hollywood and perhaps New York. We can't believe this is a healthy sign, this rallying round something mass-produced out of a can. We get the same eerie feeling of being in a loony-bin on Walpurgis Night when the more cretinous readers of the big-circulation newspapers write in (as they do), chummily or angrily, to the creator, say, of some American comic-strip of which the London newspaper in question has just bought foreign rights, among 500 or so others. It 's like writing to the snozzle-valve of a Ford car at Detroit, and if fan-letters from London ever reach their destination in some distant Californian joke-factory, we 'd be mildly gratified to know it.

At the same time it 's evident that the protesting Hepburn fans have more taste and judgment than Hollywood, which recently labelled La Hepburn " poison " from the box-office viewpoint. Perhaps her whimsy performance in *The Little Minister* is still sticking in their gullets—and how unfairly ! If the four Marx Brothers played Lady Babbie in that sweet, sonsie, arch, pawky, terrible offering, it would still make us sick and ashamed, for one.

Indexed

STUD POKER, having just been declared illegal by the Lord Chief Justice in the King's Bench, joins baccarat, chemin-de-fer, faro, basset, hombre, hazard and roulette, every dicing game except backgammon, and every other card game which is not a game of skill, on the List of Games Prohibited to the British. So that if you play Snap, Ludo, and Snakes-and-Ladders with the children this Christmas, you are presumably playing illegal card and dicing games, and any Common Informer, Government spy, or police agent-provocateur who happens to be present can denounce you. (At which you can't reasonably grumble, seeing how you are always carrying on about the spacious days of Good Queen Bess, which were, in fact, exactly like that, all day, with torture to follow.) Whether his Lordship's ruling affects the popularity of stud poker doesn't worry us particularly, all card games being death to us, as also the iron faces of their addicts ; but we do note, with merely antiquarian interest, that practically every card game over which our ancestors shook their ruffles undisturbed is banned to their descendants—like cock-fighting, which flourishes so enormously, especially in the North, and has so many well-known patrons on its secret lists.



" Where is everybody ? "

If we ever overcame our aversion to cards, we should take up faro, which has a fascinating eighteenth-century history, inextricably intertwined with that of the smaller European (and especially German) courts, and which once made new noblemen as easily as contributions to the Party Chest or gifts in kind make them nowadays. It 's utterly impossible to us to believe that the jolly red-heeled adventurers who travelled round Europe with a faro-bank were ever as leathery and menacing as bridge-playing crones in modern Kensington. But maybe we 're naturally sceptical—we don't even believe in the Ministry for Co-Ordination of Defence, if you can swallow that.

Immortal

EVERYTHING booksy is more or less absorbing, and the case of Jérôme Tharaud, who has just been elected to the late Joseph Bédier's seat in the Académie Française, is even of human interest as well. M. Tharaud is one-half—presumably the elder half—of the Tharaud Brothers, who have always written their books together, like the Goncourts. So evidently in justice M. Jérôme and his brother ought to occupy that seat among the Immortals alternately, unless (*a*) the authorities can be prevailed on to fix a strapontin on the side of it ; or (*b*) the Tharauds agree to sit on each other's knees alternately during a given session. But possibly (*c*) the Tharauds have already tossed up for it, and Jérôme has lost.

Having no such rewards or problems for the booksy boys in this country, we can't offer any—but stay ! There *is* a British Academy hiding coyly somewhere, isn't there ? One rarely hears of it, but one wouldn't be surprised to find that it 's full not only of brothers, but aunts and nieces and grandmothers as well (*cf.* the Royal Academy), sitting on each other's knees and pulling crackers all day long, just a big, happy family party.

Tasty

EVERYTHING is getting so damnably ugly nowadays, including the dials of the Island Race, that, like Tree with his orange in *Henry VIII.*, one is practically compelled to go about carrying something refreshing in one's pocket to sniff at—an intaglio, or a Tanagra, or an air by Dowland, or a Fabergé snuffbox, or a Book of Hours by Fouquet, or a bit of tidy, agreeable printing by some modern press which has not sold its soul to Mammon. To chaps with fair-sized pockets (13″ by 8″) we recommend very heartily the Golden Cockerel Press three-guinea " ordinary " edition of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, a two-year job, just printed, with eight line-engravings by John Buckland-Wright, of a most entrancing description. The type is clear, dignified Perpetua, on Golden Cockerel paper. The edition includes an introduction by Mr. Charles Ganz, a critical essay by Sir Denison Ross, and FitzGerald's version, now printed for the first time, of some of the Rubaiyát in what is called by some people " monk-Latin " ; and whatever your mind thinks of the epicureo-pessimistic poohbah FitzGerald paraphrased so exquisitely in English, your ear and eye can't help taking oodles of pleasure in it. The rhyming " monk-Latin " is chiefly interesting to us as reflecting a fixed state of mind common to Nordics, who think chaps in the Middle Ages were not as clever as they. FitzGerald actually compared his stuff with the *Dies Iræ*, and Lamb indulged in " comic " Latin to a tedious extent. Nobody ever told the little ass to stop fooling and read a bit more.

Line-engraving No. 8 in this beautiful book, incidentally, shows the Persian Lover parting from his girl in what looks to us woundily like a clerical collar and black stock. Maybe Mr. Buckland-Wright put that in to alleviate the misgivings of *Punch*-addicts (we thought, puzzled and humble).

Snickersnee

SPEAKING of slashing (see above), Belgian Boy Scouts who carry bayonet-shaped knives are being proceeded against by the Courts, which forbid Belgian citizens to carry daggers of any kind ; the sharp-pointed, non-folding Scout knife being a dagger within the meaning of the Act. This means, we take it, that Belgian Boy Scouts who get sick of having to do one good deed regularly every day—a fearful strain in this age of progress—are no longer able fretfully to jab people who have placed them in that annoying position. In this they differ from the jolly dons of Oxford, who—we observed recently from the exquisite array of knives and daggers in that cutler's shop near the Bodleian—have half-a-dozen distinct types of blade with which to carry on their blood-feuds, leaping from dark lanes, ripping, cutting, or slashing at their enemy, and pelting back to College again before the Harmanbeck nabs them. This is a highly un-English practice, but so is all knifing, as British magistrates keep tirelessly saying at least once a week.

We can never find out when cold steel was discovered for the first time to be un-English. The Elizabethans stabbed each other almost as frequently as they used poison, all through the Jacobean and Georgian ages chaps were using swords and knives, all through the Victorian and Edwardian ages as many citizens were done in with knives as any other way. So why the virtuous horror of the Bench every time a blade crops up ? Why the perpetual homilies to the effect that to knife people is alien to the Genius of the Race and is Not Playing the Game ? Enigma !

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Would you like a loan of my lucky rabbit's foot, Sir ? "

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

High heels and twinkling toes: Kay Porter, a pseudo-French maid (Cicely Courtneidge) and Jack Millet, ditto Secret Service (Jack Hulbert)

Large man on little seat: George (Peter Haddon)

"Under Your Hat" (Palace)

AFTER a big musical comedy it is apt to be my only consolation that one man's poison is, at any rate, the meat of a large number of other people blessed with less delicate digestions which have now been amply supplied. But once in a blue moon I do find a big musical comedy which is not as bad as it is big, and such a blue moon must have been shining in the sky on the night I went to see Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert in *Under Your Hat*, at the Palace. The story of the play concerned a carburettor of value to our Air Force, which appeared to have been stolen (but I never believed that) by Leonora Corbett. Mr. Hulbert, being roped into the Secret Service at two minutes' notice, was consequently set to pursue Miss Corbett (a very credible occupation). Whereupon Miss Courtneidge, being his wife no less on than off the stage, and being, furthermore, acutely conscious of the magnetic attractions of Miss Corbett, proceeded to pursue Mr. Hulbert through a series of scenes (fifteen of them) containing rather better lines than are often to be found in pieces of this calibre. As when Miss Courtneidge announced that she had been born in a pleasure-steamer off Boulogne. Or when, jealous of Miss Corbett, she asked: "What has she got that I haven't?" and Mr. Hulbert answered: "A carburettor." Black out.

THE last time I saw Miss Courtneidge was in a big musical comedy with Bobby Howes, both working so hard that it seemed rather like a race, which Miss Courtneidge won, pretty badly out of breath. But this time she might be making her name rather than preserving it. I don't think I have ever seen her in better form. Whether mixing cocktails, or burlesquing streamline exhibition ballroom dancing, or exploring the comic possibilities of lady explorers, or singing to the women of England that "The Empire Depends on You," she is as good as her reputation. And one could hardly say handsomer than that.

Espion! Boris Vladimar, a secret agent (Frank Cellier)

Hard-boiled but with heart of gold: Carol Markoff (Leonora Corbett)

MR. HULBERT I have not seen on the stage for something like seven years, and though he still will tap-dance, what a pleasure it is to see him again—but what a mistake for him and Peter Haddon to be both in the same cast. No one is funnier in a moustache than Mr. Hulbert, and only a few people are funnier clean-shaven. Nor are there many comedians who, caught flagrante delicto in some compromising situation, can assume more amusingly that nothing unusual is toward. His are the brains of the show. I don't think there can be any doubt that he is the best producer of straightforward English musical comedies now functioning. And if I know anything about eyes and choruses, he has an eye for a chorus too.

IT only remains to be said that the company also includes Frank Cellier as the villain, and that the only excuse for such a fine actor playing such a lamentable part is a gargantuan salary, which I hope he is getting. And that, even so, it's not a very good excuse.

A Soldier at Waterloo

"WHEN I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass. . . .

"It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful. . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June 1815, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo.

Ethel M. Richardson, "LONG FORGOTTEN DAYS." (Heath Cranton, 1928.)

NOTE.—An interesting point about this extract is that before it came to light, the earliest known reference to the export of Guinness was in 1816, the year after Waterloo. The fact that Guinness "could be obtained without difficulty" in Belgium in 1815 shows that export must actually have begun some time before this.

"SKETCHES BY BOZ"

"The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella. . . ."

(*Later*)

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness — "Married! Unpossible!"

Charles Dickens, "SKETCHES BY BOZ" (1836).

R.L.S. ON GUINNESS

"Fanny ate a whole fowl for breakfast, to say nothing of a tower of hot cakes. Belle and I floored another hen betwixt the pair of us, and I shall be no sooner done with the present amanuensing racket than I shall put myself outside a pint of Guinness. If you think this looks like dying of consumption in Apia I can only say I differ from you."

Letter dated: "At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93." Quoted in "THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON," Vol. V.

Toast

"Here goes," said Tom Delancey, and sung the following lyric, of his own composition:—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the hill," etc.

William Makepeace Thackeray, "BURLESQUES" (published in book form 1869).

A Moral he who runs may read
In this unique affair:—
Drink Guinness, when it's strength you need—
And get a lion's share.

G.E.776

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

It's a way they have at

CHRISTMAS...

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CIGARETTES

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The Rothensteins on the Heights of Highgate

Sir William Rothenstein, descended from Hanoverian wool merchants who settled in Yorkshire, is not only a realistic artist, a notable public servant of art, a keen researcher into it and a witty speaker on it ; he is also the father of Dr. John Rothenstein, director of the Tate Gallery, and Mr. Michael Rothenstein, whose own paintings were shown at the Matthiesen Gallery last month. Here the three are seen at Sir William and Lady Rothenstein's home in Highgate's highest and finest block of flats, Sir William looking like Robertson Hare, Dr. John, the elder, on the left, Michael on the right. The family is not united in its views on art : for instance, Sir William, a realist, has fostered his younger son's training as craftsman and artist to see him become allegorical and almost surrealist. Otherwise the Rothensteins are a model family : Dr. John and his Kentuckian wife have recently moved to neighbouring Hampstead : both sons helped Sir William hang his jubilee exhibition in October ; and Michael's show included pictures of Sir William painting Mrs. Michael, and of Mrs. Michael painting Mrs. John. The respective ages of the trio are sixty-six, thirty-seven and thirty

"The Great Waltz": America supplied the money and Europe the talent for the Strauss film at His Majesty's Theatre

← ***Vienna the romantic:*** *Luise Rainer as Poldi and Fernand Gravey as Johann Strauss the younger supply the tenderness in "The Great Waltz"*

Vienna the splendid: *Miliza Korjus, the diva, makes her film debut as an operatic star and, to a background of noble Hollywood hussars, supplies the glamour in "The Great Waltz"* ↑

Perhaps narked by the continual repetition by critics that the small studios of France, Austria and even England had produced finer films than Hollywood's, M.-G.-M. obtained the following: a story by Gottfried Reinhardt, music by Johann Strauss, Julien Duvivier as director, Luise Rainer (Viennese), Miliza Korjus (Polish), and Fernand Gravey (Belgian) as stars. The corporation put its resources at the disposal of this cosmopolitan bevy and in effect said: Make us the most Continental of Continental films. Result, *The Great Waltz*, a story of how Johann Strauss rose to fame, loved an opera star but did not quite lose his old sweetheart. Open-handed M.-G.-M. did not stint its Europeans in building up some fine Viennese atmosphere for them, witness the publicity sheet which tells how 12 Stradivarius and Amati violins (value 250,000 dollars) fiddled the waltzes, not to mention "a 35-piece orchestra of beautiful girls who play in a typical Vienna garden," and 200 seamstresses who worked 375 costumes taking 30 yards of material each. And so on. *The Great Waltz* (there will never be a greater) had its premiere at His Majesty's Theatre last night

The Beau Geste Party

Lady Marguerite Strickland and Bodyguard

Lady Marguerite Strickland's "bodyguard," Mr. A. J. Hardwick, adjusted a novelty on her topaz-adorned dress at the Beau Geste party at Claridge's. The soirée was so named because the hosts were the men, who organised it as a tribute to lovely womanhood

Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Pilkington

Lady Willoughby de Broke and Mrs. Mark Pilkington were two of the lovelies wearing fabulous jewels at the party—the former emeralds, the latter sapphires. The combined national jewellers lent several hundred thousands' worth of stones

Capt. James Lewis and His Wife

Captain Lewis was explaining, perhaps, to Constance Duchess of Westminster the size of some of the jewels on show at the party. The total value in the tableau on the right, for instance, is well over £500,000

Capt. and Mrs. Francis Francis

Francis Francis, millionaire golfer, arranged his wife's flowers—every lady at the Beau Geste party was presented with a corsage. The funds raised by the evening's entertainment were given to the British Homœopathic Association to further medical research

Mr. and Mrs. Stocker

Anthony Stocker and his wife, who was Peta Davis, had returned from India just in time for the Beau Geste party. They were married in October '36

Lady Bridget Poulett, Mrs. Charles Sweeny

The show lovelies included socialites and film actresses well known for their charity and advertising work: and two of the best-known were Lady Bridget Poulett and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, shown here at tea after the photo-call. The former wore pearls, the latter rubies

Miss Vyner, Miss Hamilton

Peggy Hamilton and Margaret Vyner, two of the show lovelies, wore, respectively, diamonds on a panniered white duchess satin dress and aquamarines on a dress of aquamarine-coloured crêpe. The pendant stone Miss Hamilton is admiring is one of the finest of its kind

The lovelies in the cubicles (below) were Mrs. Mark Pilkington (out of picture, left), Lady Marguerite Strickland, Miss Margaret Vyner, the Hon. Mrs. de Levingne, Miss Peggy Hamilton, Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mme. Normand Habans and Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Eleven Ways of Taking the Riviera

Winter Sunbathing: *Lord Blackford's idea of the Riviera is to do nothing at all, and Lady Blackford's is to sit around and keep her husband amused. They are the owners of beautiful Compton Castle, in Somerset, and the parents of Colonel Glyn K. M. Mason, the Member for Croydon North. Their granddaughter came out last year*

Eating Out *is an agreeable Riviera routine. Peter Quennell and Mrs. Arthur Greig faced Peter Kemp-Welch (right), cricketer, and his pretty wife, who was Peggy Hunter, sister of Lady Monro of Lindertis, over lunch at Monte Carlo's Café de Paris*

Touring: *those who take cars to the Riviera have a better time provided they are not of a "stay put" temperament. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Walker-Heneage (right) take theirs as a means to golf. Mrs. George Cathcart-Walker-Heneage, his sister-in-law, has taken a villa above Cannes from now till the end of March*

Tennis *is played every day of their stay by Lord and Lady Glendyne on the Carlton Courts at Cannes. They have four children and three residences in London, East Grinstead and Inverness-shire. The presiding genius at the Carlton Courts is Edmund Burke, Franco-Irish pro*

Golf, *when played at Mont-Agel, several thousand feet above Monte Carlo, but only a short hairpin drive by bus, means sun and Alpine breezes; hence Mrs. "Dickie" Herbert's clever kit—white trousers from Hollywood and a Swiss sweater. She is Lady Churston's elder sister and the wife of Captain R. C. E. Herbert, Grenadier Guards*

Driving to eat *was the Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, who often goes up to the Chateau de Madrid, where the baby lamb is as remarkable as the view. This is the most expensive restaurant on the coast; one of many to which good eaters go*

Housebuilding: *original houses abound on the Riviera; none as unique as Sir Hesketh Bell's above Cannes. He brought it from Kashmir. Mrs. Charles Harrington Chadwick, of Chicago, and Villa Today, Palm Beach, Fla., is having a Barry Dierks mansion built at Cap d'Antibes and is going to call it Villa Aujourd'hui*

Honeymoons: *this winter's crop of honeymooners has not yet been snapped, but last year's leading pair from the hunting world were Captain Philip Cripps and Marjory Biddulph, the beautiful daughter of the Claud Biddulphs. Hunting people, other than honeymooners, also commute to the Riviera when it freezes*

Bridge: *the wittiest Irishman in Monte Carlo is also the best bridge player—Major "One-Club" Barton, of the flowing cape. He is busy planning the Monte Carlo International Bridge Tournament, which will bring together all the aces, figuratively speaking*

Pigeon-Shooting: *some of the finest shots in Europe—mostly Hungarians—keep their eye in at the expense of the pigeons. The Grand Prix de Monaco is one of the most exciting events of the year and well worth winning. Here is Mr. Bela Hardy-Dreher, son-in-law of the beer "king," walking away from the piste with a smile, although he had just missed*

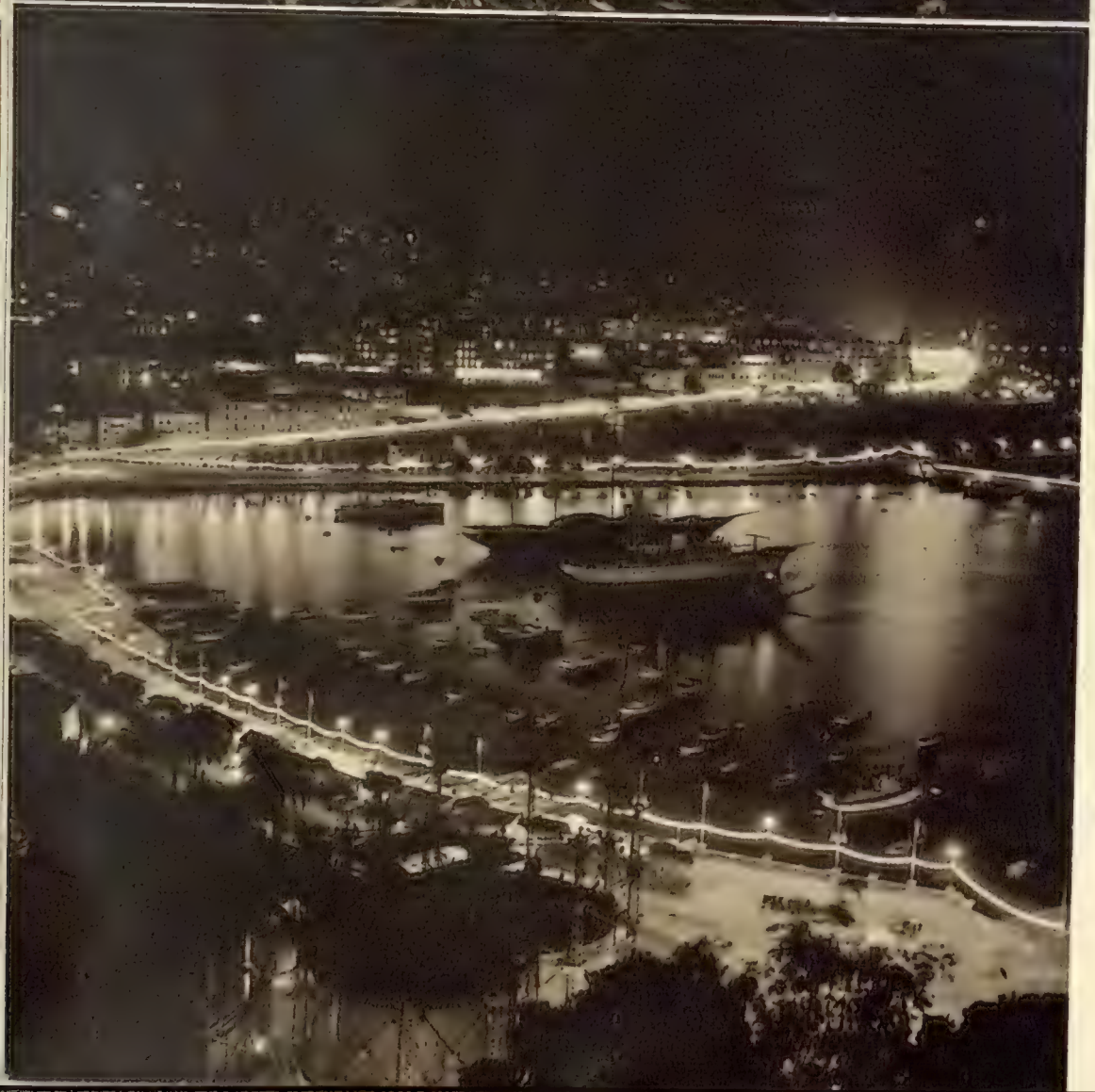
Ballet: *the Monte Carlo season is long but not long enough, and always enchanting. It follows the opera season, coming rather late (April 1-May 11), and draws the younger spring crowd. Alice Markova and Frederick Franklin were two English dancers in the René Blum Russian Ballet last year—now in America with Massine*

Coast Lines

The Bay of Cannes by Sunlight

The attractive little harbour at Cannes is one of the Riviera's chief yachting centres; but it hasn't a shred of pomposity, even when the big yachts are ranged along the jetty. The sailing season begins early in April with an eight-day spring regatta. Cannes itself opens its 1939 season on New Year's Day with a battle of flowers, a polo match, and the Beau Site tennis tournament

Photographs by Schall, Paris



Monte Carlo and the Harbour by Night

The Monaco harbour divides itself between the utilitarianism of a fishing and commercial port and the frivolousness of a Monte Carlo adjunct. Occasionally it is the arena for outboard battles, which fill the whole sky with the roar of engines and draw the population irresistibly on to the long sloping road between harbour and Casino. The Sporting Club in Monte Carlo opens a week from to-day, and the season gives itself a send-off with Christmas and New Year galas

La Baie de Nice, by Raoul Dufy

(*Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefevre, Ltd.*)

A Tale Told to an English Winter

Recollections of the Riviera : By Elsa Lanchester

IN a hidden part of almost any back-yard or garden—behind a dustbin or under some shrubbery—is an imaginary trap-door which we can all remember from our childhood. Instead of going to sleep at night you saw yourself creeping out of the house, and with great skill (and an unaccountable knowledge of its unique lock) opening the trap-door and slipping into the dark passage under the ground. This passage led to "the place" that THEY did not know about.

After walking along it for a fearsome length of time, a small spring-green dot of light would appear. This was the entrance sometimes to a large banqueting hall, sometimes to the boudoir of the princess, and sometimes to a dewy field full of flowers of every season and surrounded by trees with the palest, newest young leaves on them. In all these various settings the sun filtered through trees and windows, clear and very bright.

The next reminder in life that the trap-door still exists may be a highly-coloured poster screaming sunlight for sale, or it may be an actual adventure towards the point of light. For most people the nearest warm corner is the piece of coast that stretches from Ventimiglia to Marseilles. Geographically it is, as it were, the nearest armchair facing the fire during the sad, chilly days of our English winter. It is an armchair with a high, protective back of mountains. It is also an armchair that naturally seats a lot of crotchety people, bored people and wealthy people. This population has either forgotten or never seen an English seaside town on a midwinter's day, where along the "front" the white-painted shop of the cockle king is peeling and shuttered, and nothing is to be seen but a few lively pieces of newspaper whizzing along the gutter in a blizzard. This population seems to me to live entirely on Christmas pudding. Luckily they do not deflect the rays of the sun nor make the Mediterranean any less blue for others.

IT is for the people who are aware that they are fortunate that a journey south is a romantic adventure. Whether

(*Concluded on page 421*)

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- of course!

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A Tale Told to an English Winter

(Continued from page 419)

you are alone or not, something elusive and pleasant stirs the memory as the boat starts to move away from Folkestone Harbour. Is it that Alice in Wonderland-like dream coming back or is it that the cords of our routine are being put away and made into careful coils on the boat? Hardened travellers and novices murmur "We're off!" trying nonchalantly to look as if it's all in the day's work. But, of course, it isn't, and never will be.

In the short time on the boat you look forward, you look backward, you look at the sea and the sky. You "suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange." God forbid that when you get to France you should remain quite English.

Suddenly you are *vingt-cinq*—your porter is *vingt-cinq*—you own *quatre pièces* which will be officially *huit francs*—your carriage is *numéro trois*—the whole world becomes a seething mass of numbers. You handle the French money like a monkey looking for fleas and the porter waits. His moustache looks very big and black and frightening, but your common-sense reminds you that his mother doesn't think so. You give him the official tip and a little more. A smile—a curse—a retreating shrugging French back. The porter is a splendid actor, but he can only act one part.

Soon the train is passing sand-dunes, cows in rows, rows and rows of poplars, rows and rows of tall trees like elms but apparently shorn in the middle strangely, so that a blob of leaves low down the trunk makes them look like French poodles. Yes, they must be French trees.

In the Pullman car there is a little basket of tangerines on your table; a few of them still have a small vivid green leaf attached to the top. A sprig of mimosa and three blinding pink carnations bob about in front of you as the train rattles along as if it were pursuing a girl friend. Dozing, eating, sleeping and waking, cleaning your teeth, bruising your elbows, not enough blankets, too many blankets—all sensations picking on you personally as the train apparently rushes down a precipice. Either the brakes won't work or the driver must be arguing with his mate about the merits of his dinner. No train should be so abandoned on the metals. Something must be wrong.

You wake up and peep through a chink in the now smutty window-blind. The sun is shining. Red rocky hills saunter by. Olive trees—cork trees—a few salmon-coloured houses—a whiff of violets—a whiff of garlic. You yawn and start the business of cleaning up a little. Suddenly you want to look out of the other side of the wagon-lits—it is the most important thing in life. Yes, there is a neat triangle of blue sea between dark green hills and—a smell of coffee. The train, plunging into a hill through a short black tunnel, gives a final jolt to your memory. That clear and very bright place that you had dreamt about does exist. You are there.

IT is sad that, unlike most of my fellow travellers, I am not on a holiday. I have come into the sunlight to work on the exterior shots of a film. I am going to start acting the part of a rather soured missionary. I am not going to see the Côte d'Azur as others see it, I am not going to lie on my back covered in oil contemplating blue sky through dark glasses. I must be off, and quick too, to the hotel and later to the first location.

It is sad because I am surrounded by a gentle speed of life that is very inviting, but is not for me. So I thought as I walked at a sharp business-like pace out of the station towards the car that had been sent to pick me up.

South Sea Island at St. Tropez: Scene 52, Take 1

When Elsa Lanchester went to the Riviera, it was to spend her day in this sort of setting. She and her husband were filming in the Laughton-Pommer version of Somerset Maugham's "Vessel of Wrath." All the South Sea exteriors were shot on the coast near St. Tropez. The whole story makes an amusing chapter in her recent book "Charles Laughton and I"

In the car were, very unexpectedly, two men from the film unit. They were dressed in red trousers and dark blue shirts; and although they could not have been down there more than three days in advance of me, I could have sworn that they had spent weeks alternately dipping in the sea, clothes and all, and then lying in the sun to dry. They had come along in the car not so much to meet me as to buy yet more trousers and more shirts. Oh, yes, working day or not you must buy *something* every day. It would not be a proper day otherwise.

Rather tentatively I took off my burberry (although it was early in the morning it really *was* quite hot) revealing what I thought was rather a suitable red jersey and dark linen skirt; but the skirt looked a bit dusty and the red jumper looked orange. Undoubtedly, work or play, those bright coloured scarves in my luggage were going to look very English.

We all three came out of the shop looking like locals for about one hundred and fifty francs apiece.

BATHING, basking, working, the days passed; director, assistants, electricians and actors all following the pace set by the lazy holiday heart of the Riviera. And yet somehow we did not get behindhand. We all moved from point to point like a band of strolling players, except that our impedimenta of arc lights, reflectors and cameras made us plainly twentieth century. The missionary that I played was only wanted on certain days, so that although I was at the beck and call of this film unit I could often wander further afield. Once I was invited to pick (and eat on the spot) a bunch of the finest muscatel grapes straight from the vine, ripe and warm from the sun. I had the pleasure of idly watching endless games of "boule." I also watched the women going to Mass on Sunday—and I noticed some of their men joining them on Armistice Day.

I was often woken up by the voice of a strange, wild-looking man who sang his own words to his own music outside our hotel. He sang of women and wine and La Belle France, and it was different every day. How he bellowed, and how it echoed in the clear air. The waiter bringing in my breakfast and putting it down used to point to the street and then tap his head and say: "Ah, madame, cet homme, il est la spécialité de la maison." He was not singing outside on Armistice Day, though.

ON the way back to England as the roast beef got nearer and the garlic receded and the sky got greyer, I knew that my early, almost sensual dream of sunlight was fading—in fact, the secret kind of Ruritania that I used to visit had soon quite gone. But something was fast taking its place. . . . Give me some violets now, or perhaps a glass of wine, and I will not be with you for some moments.

Elsa Lanchester as "Miss Smith"

"I am not on a holiday. I have come into the sunlight to work on the exterior shots of a film. I am going to start acting the part of a rather soured missionary"

"Ginger Ted"

Charles Laughton, flower-wreathed for one of "Ginger Ted's" hedonistic moments, had half an hour's rest in a deck-chair in the St. Tropez "jungle"

Films of the Day

An Attempt to Combine Realist and Surrealist

By George Campbell

Not all my affection for the Marx Brothers can persuade me that *Room Service* is anything but a mess. The play was immensely successful in New York. Hollywood gave £30,000 for the screen rights. And the result is quite the dullest film in which the Marx Brothers ever appeared.

Why? Well, in the first place the adaptation is clumsy and the dialogue almost witless. The verbal flashes, Groucho's gems of insane logic lighting up a dull and gaping world—one has practically none of them. The gags, too, are unimaginative, depending as they do on such antique business as pretending to have an infectious disease, and such tasteful japes as paying respects to a corpse that isn't dead. What with having a turkey escape from the starving players on only too obvious wires, a financial backer struck over the head by mistake, a real doctor locked up in a bathroom while Chico pretends to prescribe, and the hotel manager constantly demanding "what's goin' on around here?" and roaring his not side-splittingly funny "Jumping butterballs!" one kept wondering whether one hadn't wandered into an average British comedy by mistake. And that is something I never expected to write about the Marx Brothers.

The truth is that in this more or less realistic type of farce the Marx Brothers are lost. I don't want to come all over highbrow, but even producers and directors and such characters, "with foreheads villainously low," can see for themselves that the art of the Brothers is essentially surrealist. We live in a crazy world at its craziest age. It is the function of the Marx Brothers to paint it in all its madness. War and big business, the social climber, the politician and the boosted he-man ("Hurrah for Captain Spalding, the African explorer!")—the Marx Brothers have debunked them all. Through a world of humbug and madness stride Groucho, Chico and Harpo, outraging people who cannot see, as we see, that Groucho the cynic, Chico the crook, and Harpo the lunatic dreaming always of food and women, are simply these same respectable people stripped of pretence, with their weaknesses carried to the *n*th. They move in a fourth dimension, like the characters in *Alice in Wonderland*; and they can be no more represented in terms of ordinary flesh-and-blood.

Unfortunately ordinary flesh-and-blood is what the average fan insists on, except in the fairy tales of Mr. Disney. Groucho's wit was too quick and too wild for him (or more commonly her). He didn't know what the story was all about and thought it a bit potty and Harpo sort of gormless. The earlier films being no great catch at the box office, especially in this country, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took over the brothers from Paramount. In *A Night at the Opera* and *A Day at the Races* M.-G.-M. tried to make the best of both worlds—to combine the wild humour of the Marxes with a more or less coherent story.

They succeeded pretty well. The cabin scene in *A Night at the Opera*, and the racing sequences in *A Day at the Races*, are amongst the best things of their kind the screen has ever given us. If they could have kept up the same standard—and I don't see any reason why they shouldn't, given a better script and direction—the policy of compromise might have been a success. But *Room Service* is a thoroughly bad specimen of its unambitious kind and the dyed-in-the-wool Marx fans will sigh all the more for the pure lunacy of *Animal Crackers* and *Monkey Business*.

Never having seen *The Shining Hour* at the St. James's, I am not sure just what the hour was or why it shone. If it means the moment when the unhappy wife of one of the farmer brothers sees that her husband is in love with the other brother's new dancer-wife, and decides to immolate herself in the house set on fire by the madly jealous sister, then it turns out on the screen to be not such a revelation after all. In the play she was burned to death. On the screen (Empire, last week) Joan Crawford dashes to the rescue. The would-be suicide escapes with some nasty burns about the face, and is rewarded with her husband's repentance and (apparently) renascent love.

Some critics seem to think this a typically Hollywooden betrayal of Truth and Art and all that sort of thing. I can't quite see why. People *are* rescued quite often from burning buildings; husbands who have played around and got a shock often *do* realise, sometimes too late, where their loyalties really lie.

People familiar with Mr. Winter's play must, however, prepare themselves for other shocks. The whole atmosphere is American—rightly, if they are going to shift the scene at all—and the personalities as different as Gladys Cooper and Joan Crawford, Raymond Massey and Robert Young, could well be. This is not to say that the acting of Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas and Fay Bainter (as the pathologically jealous sister) is not excellent, for it is; and the writing is always sound and often witty. But (a small point which keeps on cropping up) why must Miss Crawford wear shorts four inches long in the country and shoulders all silk and a yard wide?

"Thanks for the Memory" is one of those mildly agreeable compôtes of comedy and sentimentality that you cannot possibly remember. I know there is a husband who takes to housework, and a wife who turns breadwinner and goes out modelling, and a collection of drunks who keep popping in for parties, and a misunderstanding cured by the sight of little booties. The rest, as another critic said, is silence.

Joan Crawford to the Rescue

The Hollywood version of "The Shining Hour," Keith Winter's play that ran at the St. James's, does not allow the unhappy wife's attempt at suicide to be successful, but makes it spectacular instead. Joan Crawford is here rescuing Margaret Sullavan from the burning house

Margaret Sullavan in the Wars

The result of the rescue on the left is some nasty burns for Margaret Sullavan that make her look like Hitchcock's vanishing lady. Robert Young (here) and Melvyn Douglas are the men in "The Shining Hour," which is reviewed on this page

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Of course, it 's only vital industries like this that we 're protectin', yer know, mate"

"Bystander" Short Story No. 169

The Power of the Pen

By S. P. B. Mais

Illustration by Jardine

IT was extraordinary how well it was going. All he had to do was to listen to Violet's violent invective until she had exhausted her spleen and vocabulary, and then leave her as quietly as possible and lock himself in his study and let it pour out from his pen. All he had to do was to remember. No inventive faculty was needed beyond the coining of fictitious names, and even here he found himself sometimes writing "Violet" when, of course, his heroine's (or was it villainess's?) name was really Hermione.

That showed how close this so-called novel ran to autobiography.

The trouble was that those devils, the reviewers, had early spotted that, and complained on the appearance of each new novel of his lack of imagination.

They praised his capacity for detailed and precise observation, the life-likeness of his very unpleasant portraits of nagging, blood-sucking, errant wives, but never failed to deplore his inability to write of anything else.

How could he write of anything else when his whole life had been embittered and ruined by the vitriolic outbursts of this jealous, possessive harridan against whom he had to lock himself up in this absurd way?

His only escape from her was his study. Even she dare not follow him there. Her weekly housekeeping cheque and dress allowance depended entirely on his ability to pour out these photographic descriptions of unhappy middle-class couples fighting to keep going an existence which never seemed worth the struggle.

But this time he felt that he was on the verge of completing what was fated to be both an æsthetic triumph and a financial success. For once he had not to invent a flat heroine out of his meagre imagination. One purely haphazard meeting in a train had changed all that.

Eunice, no (it was funny how he always thought of Marjorie by the name he had invented for her in his novel) Marjorie, had become his direct inspiration.

For three immortal hours he had her to himself. If he had had any guts he would have cut loose from this inhuman bondage to Violet and gone off with Marjorie, who was infinitely braver than he was, and would undoubtedly have been ready if he had only given the sign. Instead, he contented himself with those absurdly inadequate letters which she sent him under cover of his publishers.

She couldn't even write to him direct. Violet was a sleuth hound on strange handwriting, and always demanded to see the contents of envelopes written in feminine hands. And as soon as ever he had read those all-too-inarticulate, too brief epistles of love, he had to burn them, for Violet had a knack of going through all his drawers at unexpected intervals. She never allowed him to lock anything.

"There's nothing in your life that you'd be afraid of my seeing, surely," was her comment to his suggestion that he should buy a roll-top desk that automatically locked all the drawers. "Anyway, we can't afford it."

He had made good use of that scene in more than one of his novels. It was queer that she who was so curious about every detail of his ordinary life, was so totally incurious about his work. As soon as she had satisfied herself that the dedication was the usual one: "To my wife, to whom I owe whatever there is of good in this book, with fondest love," she put the book down and never opened it again.

So he was able to let himself go in the matter of Marjorie. He poured all the pent-up passion of his pitifully wasted years into the chapters where she appeared. Here at last was a real outlet for his emotions. If he lacked the courage to grasp happiness in reality, he would surfeit himself with it vicariously. He had never before so completely enjoyed the writing of a book as he enjoyed the writing of this one.

He had only one fear, and that was one which seized him in a greater or less degree at this stage of each book that he wrote.

When he got near the climax he was always seized with a dread lest he should die before the finish. It wouldn't matter much dying when it was completed or at the beginning, but he put so much of himself into these books that they were really part testament, part child.

As he had no child of his own (that had been one of Violet's first refusals), all the affection that he would have lavished on his children was transferred to his books, which were his intractable and unsatisfactory foster-children, his only chance of immortality.

But even his fear of dying before the book was finished left him in the joy of creation, in these last glowing, glorious chapters in which he at last allowed his hero to enjoy to the full the love that he had denied himself in real life.

Indeed, so rapt was he, so completely snatched up from the world of reality, that he failed altogether to realise, as he gnawed after his usual manner at the end of his fountain-pen, that the end of the pen, a tiny, smooth piece of vulcanite and the little golden screw that held it in place were gradually becoming more and more loose. Indeed, he had been writing for a considerable time before he became conscious of their loss by a curious tickling in the throat.

He got up from his desk to fetch a glass of water to slake his thirst and remove the tickle (Violet had soon put a stop to his surreptitious efforts to smuggle a bottle of whisky into the study), and on rising suddenly saw that the top of his fountain-pen was missing.

The full, horrible implication only dawned on him slowly. He broke out into a cold sweat,

(Concluded on page vi)

"The Birth of the Year"

A baby emu emerges to continue its family's tradition in cross-word puzzles

A baby lion playfully sharpens its teeth on a human hand

These baby galagoes are called George and Ernest after their Zoo keepesrs

Strand Films is an English firm which has specialised in making moving pictures of the type known as documentary : a word that is unfortunate in having dry-as-dust associations. Modern documentaries are the opposite, nearly always interesting, sometimes enthralling. Among the best are Strand Films' *Animal Kingdom* series (three of which are to come), made under the supervision of Professor Julian Huxley. *Fingers and Thumbs*, the development of the hand, received wide praise, and *The Birth of the Year*, dealing with young life, produced by Stuart Legg, directed by Evelyn Spice, is now running at the Curzon. These Zoo shots (not stills) are reproduced from it

This baby bear, left by her mother when she was three weeks old, immediately took to the cup. She is called Betsy

Oxford and Cambridge at Twickenham: *the Rugger match this year saw a Cambridge victory. When the score stood 6—3 to Oxford (all points having been won on penalties), Bruce-Lockhart went over to equalise from a run and punt ahead by Forrest, and Geddes' fine kick gave Cambridge her two winning points. Here the last clears precariously on his line, tackled by Pennington*

Oxford and Cambridge at Dulwich: *the University better supported this year than last at Highbury, lively fashion and had a three-goal lead before to equalise, then cooled off and allowed Cambridge to three. Here Washington is running in to score*

Howard Marshall on Sport

Henry Cotton *demonstrated a stage presence as well as golfing skill at the Coliseum last week, where he fulfilled a variety engagement, driving balls into wings and auditorium. Readers of "The Sporting and Dramatic" in the audience took the chance to watch their weekly preceptor with a critical eye*

RUGBY football in Scotland does not often present us with surprises, but it is, I am bound to say, a little odd to find K. C. Fyfe chosen as a centre for next Saturday's trial match at Selkirk, with J. G. S. Forrest outside him on the wing.

Fyfe has been playing well for the London Scottish in the centre, but all his glory was acquired for Scotland as a wing, whereas Forrest, in the opinion of some of the most knowledgeable Sassenachs, is potentially as great a centre as the game has ever produced.

Still, I suppose we must agree that it was from his position on the wing that Forrest managed to strike the blow which beat Oxford; and that, doubtless, made due impression on the Scottish selectors who were present.

IT is rather late, perhaps, to go back on the 'Varsity match, though the echoes of it are still reverberating round the places where they talk football.

If there was a lesson to be learned from that explosive display of youthful exuberance it was that the most willing defence can scarcely hope to hold a brilliant attacking player like Forrest for eighty minutes. There is bound to be a mishap now and again; and when Forrest had his chance he took it and made the winning try for Cambridge.

It would be pleasant to think that Oxford had absorbed another lesson, which is that no University side dare take the field without a scrummaging pack. Oxford, with their 3-4-1 formation, were beaten for the ball. They probably expected this, but they hardly allowed for the moral effect of constantly losing the initiative.

Next term both universities will be doing the groundwork of preparation for the 1939 match. If they look back on last week's game with detached intelligence they will realise that actually two rather indifferent sides were engaged.

They will then proceed to analyse the situation; and the conclusion will be forced upon them that they must build up solid packs of forwards who can lay the foundations of successful attack.

It was weak scrummaging which turned the 'Varsity match into a shapeless chaos. And if at least the game produced magnificent tackling, it did depress those who feel that the Universities should be able to set an example of co-ordinated effort.

ANOTHER kind of scrap is due this week, for Tommy Farr meets the Californian

The Buccaneers *cricket club held its annual dinner at the Connaught Rooms, when Lord Belper, Sir Home Gordon and Herbert Sutcliffe were neighbours* →

Soccer match was much Cambridge started in a Oxford warmed up sufficiently to win by five goals Cambridge's fifth goal

***Newmarket bloodstock sales** was the event that gathered Turf potentates last week: here Lord Glanely and Captain Lewis stand in the straw outside the boxes to discuss, perhaps, the interests of the Exning stud*

***The Trial Eights,** sporting and social event at the end of the Cambridge Michaelmas term, were held as usual on the Ouse above Ely, when "B" crew (E. B. N. Mitchell's) beat "A" crew (S. M. King's). The C.U.B.C. president, evidently a better oarsman than horseman, umpired from the towpath*

heavy-weight, Lou Nova, in New York, on Friday. Nova, by all accounts, is a dangerous fighter, but Farr should dispose of him comfortably enough. Farr may not have a destructive punch, but his vast experience of the game, accumulated by fighting his way up through all the weights, has given him a -boxing ability which we rarely find among the big men.

We must presume that Farr is in line for another crack at Joe Louis's title, especially as the New York Athletic Board seem so friendlily disposed towards him.

These big fights, however, are complex affairs, and we are wondering what kind of chance our Mr. Len Harvey has of tilting at a world title again. There are rumours that John Henry Lewis may be persuaded to return to this country to meet Harvey once more. But until the articles are signed we must content ourselves with the reflection that Harvey, at the age of thirty-one, is still a worthy representative of British boxing.

CRICKETERS over here will note with interest and pleasure that Alan Melville, of Oxford and Sussex, has been appointed captain of South Africa for the five Test Matches against the M.C.C. team.

Melville is not only one of the most beautiful of stroke players, but a very astute and capable captain into the bargain, with an unusual aptitude for getting the best out of his men.

Friends in South Africa tell me that while they are impressed by the strength of the M.C.C. batting, they feel that South Africa need have little fear of our bowling. They think, in fact, that South Africa's chances are quite rosy. And since they are on the spot and have had opportunities of watching the M.C.C. team in action, we must respect their opinion.

I can't help feeling, however, that the M.C.C. attack will vindicate itself handsomely when the time comes. Our spin bowlers are the best we have sent to South Africa for some time. And when Farnes really looses himself in Test Matches, I fancy he may surprise our South African friends.

IT is interesting, by the way, to note how sport seems to be capturing the variety stage. First there was that amazing badminton performance in the Crazy Gang show at the Palladium. And now we have had Henry Cotton drawing the crowd with his golf exhibition at the Coliseum.

To stand on a darkened stage and swing a luminous club at a luminous ball and not only hit that ball but hit it with definite purpose, to illustrate a lecturing point, seems to me not only the height of courage but the height of competence. And I cannot agree with those who criticise Cotton for his appearance.

A professional games player, after all, is a public entertainer, and whether he entertains on a golf-course or a stage seems to me to make no difference whatever.

Cotton's success, at any rate, will be turning the thoughts of our variety producers to other games and doubtless before long we shall be seeing flying tackles and square cuts demonstrated to admiring audiences.

***W. B. Scott,** ex-Cambridge Rugger Blue, racing motorist, and squash champion of Scotland, was put out of the Amateur Squash Championship at the Bath Club by P. Kershaw, in the first round*

***D. Rowlandson** (right) was the second-round victim of Kershaw at the Bath Club. He had beaten David Yeats-Brown (left), the youngest competitor in the championship, by five close games in round one*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Stymies of Importance

ON a wet day in the club-house of a golf club, you can always start an interesting discussion, which will become heated in a very short space of time, by saying either that the stymie rule should be retained or that the stymie rule should be abolished. Whichever view you take, you will find plenty to support you and also plenty to oppose you.

Mr. X will relate at length, inaccurately and untruthfully, how a certain stymie cost him a match which he alone considered interesting and of importance. When you have heard the true facts of the case you will probably find that the reputed stymie was not a stymie at all, and that even if it had been a stymie, it was unlikely to have affected the result of Mr. X's match to any great degree.

When you read or hear that Tolley has screwed round a stymie on the fourteenth green, as often as not Tolley has done no screwing at all, but simply hit the ball in the middle of the club in his usual manner. In short, what appeared to the spectators on the edge of the green to be a stymie was not only not a stymie, but the enemy ball was actually of assistance to the striker by giving him, or helping him to find, the line of the putt.

When a stymie, or something approaching a stymie, is experienced in a championship, we always hear a lot about it.

A STYMIE which will not be forgotten for many years is the one Charles Yates laid his fellow-countryman Johnny Fischer in the first round of the Amateur Championship at Troon this year. It was on the nineteenth green, and not a difficult stymie to deal with. The occasion, however, was too much for Fischer, who played a miserable shot, suspiciously like a top.

I saw two stymies in the English Championship at Moortown last April. The first was on the eighteenth green, in the match in which Sidney Banks beat George Carter, the Cambridge captain. Banks's ball was lying five feet from the hole and Carter's ball three inches, and a dead stymie. Banks had to hole for the match; he pitched his ball bang into the hole, where it remained.

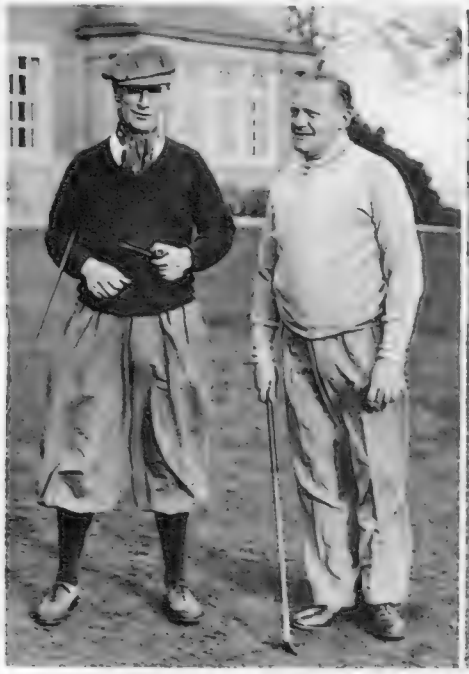
IN the sixth round of this same Championship, at the seventeenth hole, L. G. Crawley, in his match with Banks, sliced to glory off the tee, then from a good lie was short and to the left with his second at a hole of only 360 yards, then chipped very short and was finally stymied. Even if the obstructing ball had been lifted, it is extremely doubtful if Crawley would have holed the putt, especially as he mishit his shot when attempting to loft it.

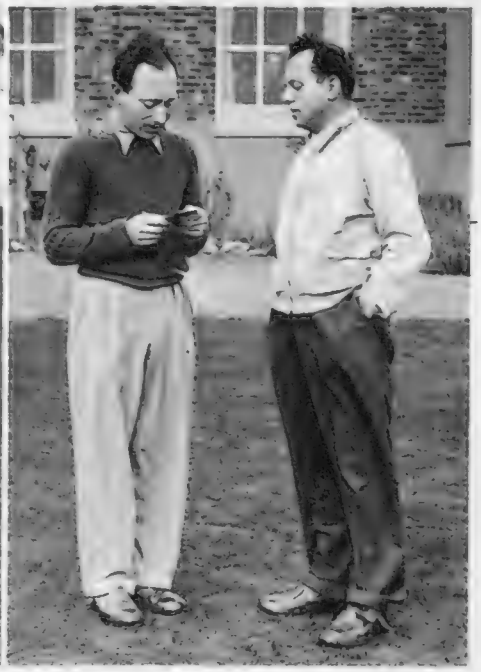
There were plenty who sympathised with Crawley, and said that this stymie had cost him the Championship and that he had been very unlucky.

There were only a few who took a just view of the situation and pointed out that Crawley was a very lucky man to play three consecutive really bad shots and still be allowed to have a shot for a four and a half.

TOLLEY had a very annoying and, in this case, extremely unlucky experience in the final of the French Amateur Championship of 1920, when he was beaten by 3 holes up and 2 to play by T. D. Armour, who, as a professional resident in the U.S.A., won the Open Championship of 1931 at Carnoustie. On the twenty-third green Tolley had to negotiate a stymie to become all square, after being behind nearly all the time from the first hole. He had to delay his shot as a butterfly kept alighting on his ball; when he was finally allowed to play he pitched straight into the hole, only to see the ball jump out again, and not only jump out, but lay him another stymie. Thus at a crucial point in the match he lost a hole which he had a good chance of winning, and which it appeared nearly impossible for him to lose.

IN the great final of the Ladies' Championship played at Troon in 1925, before an enormous gallery, in which Miss Joyce Wethered finally defeated Miss Cecil Leitch on the thirty-seventh green, there was a stymie on the ninth green in the afternoon. Miss Wethered lofted it to become all square. In later years, when asked about this match, she said: "One stroke I can remember which counted for a great deal—a stymie that I managed to loft on the ninth green." I cannot believe that the lofting of this stymie, even at such a critical stage in the match, put any great strain on the striker, or that she found it a particularly difficult shot to play.





The Middlesex Alliance Bogey Tournament at Hadley Wood

Herbert Jolly and F. W. Tipton, respectively professional and amateur from Hendon, won the tournament at Hadley Wood, returning 1 down

S. Stalbow (9) and D. Mistlin (11) (Alliance) won the amateurs' prize in the Middlesex Alliance meeting with a return of 3 down on Bogey

This pair of Middlesex Alliance players are L. Wilson (+2) and E. Dimmock (6) (Whitewebbs), who returned 3 down at Hadley Wood

Two more players in the Middlesex Alliance's tournament were W. B. Smith and H. L. Carr, who were on their home course

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Golf Clubs at Home

Bromley and Bickley, Kent

This club was founded in 1892 as the result of a meeting of prominent residents in the neighbourhood which was held in October of that year at St. Luke's Vicarage. A lease was obtained from Mr. Alfred Bourne, the tenant of Cooper's Farm, and a nine-holes course was laid out, partly on the old Bromley Racecourse and partly on the adjoining fields, known as Norfolk's land. Later on more land was leased and the course extended to eighteen holes. The old Manor Farm House became the headquarters of the club. Recently the Town Council of Bromley purchased the freehold of the course with a view to securing it as an open space, but the club's lease, which does not expire until 1961, remains undisturbed

(1) H. W. Walter (vice-capt.). (2) E. H. Potter (ex-capt.). (3) W. Le Gros Clark (ex-capt.). (4) M. McKenzie Veale (ex-capt.). (5) E. H. Stenning (ex-capt.). (6) S. C. Lewis (pres. and ex-capt.), F. Farmer, R. C. Kerr, C. J. Paton (vice-pres. and ex-capt.). (7) W. H. Whelon, E. D. Gregory, W. T. Cave (ex-capts.) and R. Young. (8) L. C. Bacon (asst. sec,). F. G. Boultard (pro.) and F. H. Teall (hon. sec.), (9) F. H. Wissler (capt.), P. A. Sandford, Sir E. Campbell, M.P. (ex-capt.) and L. C. Smith. (10) A. J. Green, S. Platt, P. G. de Paravicini and K. Young

This England . . .

Storm over the Cheviots

GREAT or small, the Englishman when troubled in his mind, seeks easement and reflection in the countryside. For there is a peace about our land like that of ripe old age. All has been known it seems, all suffering, all joy, till laughter and tears alike take second place. To give ourselves awhile to her rough heart, to spend ourselves in play about her knees, is to be purged of self-made fears and face the world again cleared-eyed and comforted. And if at the day's tired end, you raise a golden Worthington, here is one more communion 'twixt your land and you—for this, too, is of England's nurture, worked by your elders' cunning for your succour and your strength.

. . . by Worthington

Things to Come

By Eleanor E. Helme

COUNTY captains are hard at work now on next year's fixtures, setting posts and telephones humming. There has to be a mighty lot of hard work put in by these devoted officials, and it sometimes seems as if players were unappreciative of it when perfectly done, extremely apt to find fault when anything goes wrong. In that latter case it is not too much to say that the players themselves are largely to blame; they have elected somebody unsuited, either by temperament or by other demands on her time, for the niceties of captaincy, and instead of slanging her, the rest of the county association should quickly rack their brains so that somebody more suitable may succeed her next season.

SOME counties make a point of a change every year, so that nobody can feel they have been invidiously treated if their term of office lasts thus long and no longer: some set the limit at two; others, having found the right person, let her carry on indefinitely. That is, perhaps, asking for trouble; parting, instead of being then the such sweet sorrow of the poet, is welcomed with delight, because an official who has done really good work has outlived her welcome. Appointments, like books, plays, visits and most else in this changeable world, should come to an end while we are still wishing them to last longer.

COUNTY captains are not the only workers, nor even the club and association officials. The executive committee of the Wakefield Trophy is already grappling successfully with plans for making 1939 bring in even more money for the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association than 1938 did, and generally to prove on what excellent lines a start was made last year. £121 16s. 3d. handed over to the Islington Maternity Clinic is not enough to satisfy the ambitions of folk like Lady Holt Wilson and Mrs. de l'Hopital. An idea of allowing all handicaps from one up to 36 to compete was put forward the other day, but defeated in committee, as the entire basis of the tournament was that it should cater for players with handicaps of 10 to 30. One specified day as a start, then additional cards on any day is to be the method of play, between March 15th and May 31st, after which the District Finals will take place, with the final Finals at the Berkshire Club on July 6th.

It all sounds splendid, and any club who wants to consider the question further would do well to get in touch with Mrs. de l'Hopital, 14a, King's Road, Sloane Square, and find out all about it.

Mr. Maxwell Lyte will be getting busy on the *Daily Telegraph* National Tournament as soon as he is through with the colossal work on that paper's Toy Fund for Poor Children at Christmas, and the clubs will be hearing from him, probably in January. Obviously there will be more golf played next year than ever.

TALK of children and Christmas makes one realise that some of the rich variety will probably number golf-clubs amongst their presents, for the young of the present day do not have to struggle with unwieldy cast-offs, but are equipped with the best from the first. Which has its drawbacks as well as merits. Too many clubs will confuse the childish mind and muscles; one wooden club, a mashie and a putter are enough to encourage the taste and fire the imagination in any budding champion of tender years. Even a mashie (or any other not-too-straight-faced iron) by itself lays a better foundation than a whole matched set.

AS to teaching the young idea, perhaps the great thing to remember is that its golfing mind is a clean slate, ready to record clearly any new impression. To watch somebody hit a ball perfectly will give them something to remember and imitate, and that is worth all the books or exhortation in the world. If you want to tell a child anything, keep your instruction simple, and remember that hitting a ball in the air ought, first and last, to be good fun, and if it fails to answer that description, most children will not think it fills a holiday bill at all satisfactorily. Emphasis is on "in the air," and that seems to be a difficulty with a good many youngsters. Tell them not to scoop at it, but do give them the essential aid of a left heel which leaves the ground during the back-swing. I was astonished the other day to find the difference that made with a twelve-year-old whose pride and joy was that she had done the first whole hole she had played in eleven, and had subsequently achieved a short one in four. So far, so good. She had been well drilled into keeping her eye on the ball, but her feet were as stakes implanted in the soil, and the ball refused in consequence to leave the ground. After being shown the action of the left heel in a normal iron shot, her ball soared pleasantly over the next bit of trouble, and went on taking satisfactorily to the air whenever she remembered that turn of the left heel. It is inevitable and essential if the shot is to be properly hit. Result, one convert to the joys of golf as opposed to its toils.

WHEN you think of it, the great players whose left feet are firmest at the moment of impact are all distinguished by a rather noticeable movement of the left heel on the back-swing, before clamping it down to earth on the downward one. It was my first impression of my first Open Champion, Rhona Adair, whom we hope to see competing once again in the Open as Mrs. Cuthell, when the event goes to her home course of Portrush next June. Glenna Collett (Mrs. Edwin Vare) fairly stamps on the ground; Wanda Morgan comes down good and hearty on that left heel. The stamp-down can only follow the lift-up. Rigidity of foot must mean rigidity elsewhere, and that is to be avoided at all costs.

Bassano

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Sabine and Anthony

This recent photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Sabine shows them with their son Anthony, who was born last July. Mrs. Sabine is better known to the golfing world as Diana Plumpton, finalist in the Championship of 1933; she and her husband, who is in the Kenya Administrative Service, were married in Nairobi Cathedral in 1936

Professionals v. Ladies at Mere

Members of the Manchester and District Professional Alliance recently played a match against a team of Cheshire women at Mere (Cheshire). Here Mrs. Whitfield, the Cheshire champion, who played against R. Barton, drives from the eighteenth

Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. M.S. A.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Writers "On the Spot"

By V. S. Pritchett

THE pretty myths of the vie de Bohème have given an aura of romance to the lives of professional authors. This desk-chained race is pictured as, above all, living a life free of restraint. Yet many a stockbroker has outdone the gambling of Dostoevsky, the amorous muddles of Shelley and Byron, and the feuds of Mr. Ezra Pound. There are even more precarious professions, many with more limelight, more mysterious midnight oil. The biographer of a writer soon finds that the years before his subject became a writer are the interesting ones. The rest is, externally considered, clerkship and literary "shop."

There are exceptions. Neither Edgar Wallace nor Jack London, whose lives have just been written, quite fits the sedentary and dyspeptic pattern. Wallace's sense of showmanship turned the routine of middle age and old age into a spectacle, and his beginnings are Victorian melodrama. And Jack London was always harassed by a constitution which could stand too much living.

Biographer of Jack London

Irving Stone is a Californian like his subject, and led nearly as adventurous a life until he settled down to writing. After very hard times he struck success with his Van Gogh biography, "Lust for Life," a 1934 best-seller. His story of Jack London's life, "Sailor on Horseback," is reviewed here

Biographer of Edgar Wallace

Margaret Lane calls her life of her father-in-law simply "Edgar Wallace" (also reviewed on this page). She married Bryan Wallace, Edgar Wallace's eldest son, in 1934. She is a journalist, now on the "Daily Mail," and a novelist. Her "Faith, Hope, No Charity" won the Femina-Vie Heureuse prize in 1935

THERE is a touch of the urban Cobbett in Wallace, a resemblance of condition though not of character. In this go-getting Tommy Atkins who made war on Kitchener and the War Office in South Africa, and who scored some of the big hits in the new sensational journalism, one sees what might have happened to Cobbett a hundred years later. Made by the turn of the century, Wallace was a competitive individualist, a personal Jingo. The theatre was in his blood. The natural son of an actress who in later life he turned from his door with hatred because she had abandoned him soon after his birth, he had on his father's side the masterful heritage of the famous Miss Marriott, the full-bosomed, heavy-jawed female Hamlet of the Victorian stage. But he was farmed-out on the family of a Billingsgate fish-porter, and grew up in the streets around London Bridge.

In *Edgar Wallace* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*) Miss Margaret Lane has sorted out the fact from the fiction Wallace loved to add to the story. He worked in factories, sold newspapers, went to sea, worked a milk-round, stole, and tramped the road. He soldiered in Africa, and there his chance came.

Wallace was an egotist, a sentimentalist, and a gambler convinced of his own infallibility. In consequence, he had some shocks. Before his later wealth and fame came, he had to settle down to the clerkly life. In the Holmes-ish dressing-gown, seated in a painfully overheated room, smoking continually, and making fresh, heavily sweetened tea every half-hour, he dictated to his Watson; and the flamboyant side was allowed out in such things as his disastrous passion for racing, his vanity about poker, and in spectacular generosity. Miss Lane, with an affectionate irony catches him in all his strength and foibles. She is excellent (which is unusual in books of this kind) about the women in his life, and the death-scene in Hollywood is an outstanding piece of narrative.

LIKE Wallace, Jack London was a natural child born in melodramatic circumstances. His mother was a spiritualist who attempted suicide when she knew she was pregnant. The father was an Irishman, an itinerant and cultivated astrologer. Jack London's vitality and sincerity, his power of being continually the generous and passionate youth, added to his social idealism and his high view of his calling, give his tragic life an heroic quality. In his adventures on the San Francisco waterfront, in the Klondyke, and in politics, this quality stirs an immediate admiration in the reader. Whether uncritical, close-up enthusiasm is satisfactory in a biography such as Mr. Irving Stone has written in *Sailor on Horseback* (Collins; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is more doubtful. Jack London was crippled not merely by the American money and forcing systems, which have killed so many writers since Mark Twain, but also by the reckless dispersal of his powers. His wives, love affairs, political meetings, entertainments, ranches, etc., required more and more money, which is no harm on the Wallace level, but is fatal to the best artists.

IT is trivial books which cause the rows, and Miss Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Towards Some* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is one of them. Underneath the bright, condescending praise and thin satire of her diary, written during a visit to England, there are the familiar ignorance, the fatuous half-truths, and the lugubrious inferiority complex. Miss Halsey has invented a prettified feudal England, where women are *not allowed* to drink port, where anyone who calls you "Sir" dare not take tea with you. And though even Karl Marx had to take notice of our labour legislation two generations ago—legislation which is still lacking in the States—for Miss Halsey things like Workmen's Compensation do not exist. Well, travellers find what they bring with them.

IN many books written during the past few years about the Australian aborigines, there have been tantalising hints of an elderly Irishwoman who lived alone in a tent in the middle of the Australian desert, and who, dressed in the fashions of 1900, with shirt blouse, high collar, high-heeled shoes, hat and veil, was the self-appointed nurse and friend of the child-eating cannibals. A strict Anglican, she refused to introduce Christian dogmas to the Stone Age, but would let no one off Empire Day and the Flag. This lady is not a fiction. Now very old, she has written the story of her thirty years' solitude in *The Passing of the Aborigines* (Murray; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is natural and appropriate to compare her with Mary Kingsley; they have the same irony and common sense, the same startling character and courage, though Mary Kingsley was brisker and more sophisticated. Mrs. Bates is the plain, unpretentious figure who seems to have no difficulty in learning 180 native dialects, in obtaining the complete confidence of these wretched and rather revolting tribes, in being accepted at their most secret ceremonies. Mr. Arthur Mee's introduction to the book is superfluously gushing; Mrs. Bates stands very well on her own feet, and both as a character and an observer she is engrossing.

I RECOMMEND the following novels:

Macaroni. By Hugh Edwards. (Bles; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Painter's Progress. By Richard Wyndham. (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Noah Pandre's Village. By Salman Schneour. (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

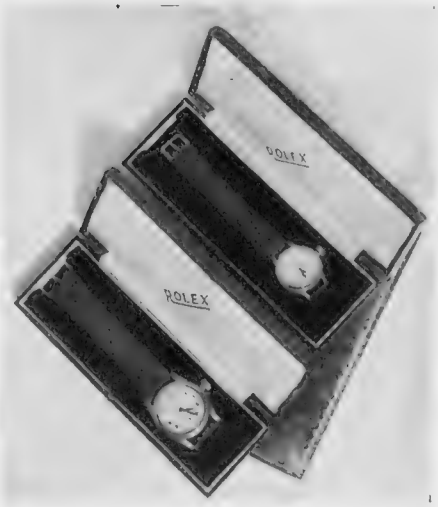
House Warming

AT this season of parties furniture plays an essential part in entertaining friends. They will appreciate the comfort and admire the colour schemes of these suites from Maple's, Tottenham Court Road. The settee and easy chair in the larger picture, covered in quilted panel and plain tapestry, make a perfect background for the hostess in her taffeta crinoline from Fenwick, New Bond Street. Incidentally, the decorative cushions and wrought-iron and glass ball table-lamp would make delightful presents. The walnut and brocade suite on the left below, with its sprung back arms and seats, is practical for a sitting-room, while for a more elaborate scheme there is the one on the right covered in figured and plain tapestry

Time Flies—

Slimming without the fatigue of exercises or the restrictions of diet—effortless slimming—is the kind of blessing women dream about. Redex, slimming lotion, sold by good chemists, brings this blessing to reality. The preparation is used externally and is guaranteed absolutely harmless

Specially for the woman who needs variety—and who doesn't?—are these coffrets of Lucien Lelong perfume. "Penthouse" offers four perfumes and "Opening Night" three. From all good perfumers



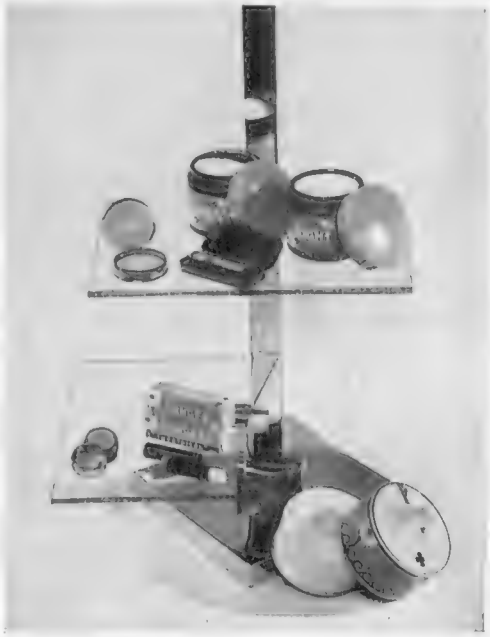
These Rolex Oyster watches (for ladies and gentlemen) are amphibious. They take no harm in water, so can be worn while bathing; and as they are also completely dustproof they can be treated carelessly on the beach and need not be guarded from the sand. They are, of course, stocked by good jewellers everywhere

—Presents Remain

Suggestion for a friend who "has everything"—a box of bath luxuries in Bronnley's newest fragrance, "Wistaria." Those illustrated contain bath salts and cubes, soap, talcum powder and perfume. There are some very moderately priced gift boxes of toilet accessories in this new perfume. Most chemists have it in stock

To a favourite aunt who is fussy about tea—a gift canister of The Doctor's China Tea. It is available in four qualities, 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d., and 4s. 8d. a lb. A nominal charge of 3d. per ½ lb. is made for the canister, which is embossed with a Chinese design in blue, red and gold, and is altogether extremely cheerful

Toast and savouries for informal entertaining: on the left is a Hospitality Set, comprising electric toasting machine, toast cutter, three savoury dishes and three trays, so that guests can make their own toasted sandwiches. These sets are obtainable at leading stores, or direct from Frank Magrini, Ltd., 19-23, Oxford Street



No anxious indecision about colour when you give Tangee preparations, for the rouges and lipsticks change on the skin to the right shade for that particular skin. Included in the picture are the Day and Night creams, powder and theatrical and daytime lipsticks

Lovely Gems

Time's no enemy when it is told by watches as attractive as these from Ciro. But their beauty is more than mere face value, for they have fully jewelled and compensated Swiss movements, and are thoroughly reliable. In the ring watch, the fob on the extreme left, and the wristlet immediately above it you can keep a check on the March of Time through "glass" made of a real jewel. There is a choice of real topaz, crystal, amethyst, or aquamarine, and the stones are faceted at the edge for decoration. The link bracelet watch is in solid gold throughout and costs £6 10s. Next to it is an exclusive design with black dial and gold hands. The fob beside it also has a black dial and hangs from a bar brooch of Ciro diamonds, while the second fob hangs from a plain gold bar

The favourite diamond brooch which splits into two clips is eccentric in shape this season. The new ones are far removed from the plain ovals which have worn so well on Peter Pan collars and on square necks. This selection, like the watches, all come from the house of Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street. You can choose the designs in Ciro diamonds, real diamonds or Imperial Senacut Zircons. These are water-clear stones which were long mistaken for real diamonds. Though infinitely rarer than diamonds, zircon brooches cost only a fraction of their price. Zircons are more expensive than Ciro diamonds. All the brooches shown on the right split into two clips, leaving the bare frame of the brooch. Many split to form clips of unequal shapes and sizes. As the picture shows, baguettes and brilliants of different sizes are used to emphasise each design

A Man's Selection

Every bottle of Seagram's whisky bears a Canadian Government Certificate of Age and Purity over the capsule. It costs 12s. 6d. a bottle, and can be ordered from all wine merchants

As an essential ingredient in such popular drinks as "Sidecar," "White Lady," and "Silent Third," Cointreau holds an important position both in the cocktail cabinet and on the gift list

Anyone, given the opportunity, would choose a Motoluxe rug as a gift. There is nothing more comforting for travel. This one is available in various colourings from all good stores

A Ronson decanter table lighter in oxidised chromium, and a cigarette container and Touch-tip table lighter, available in chromium and black enamel, or chromium and tortoiseshell

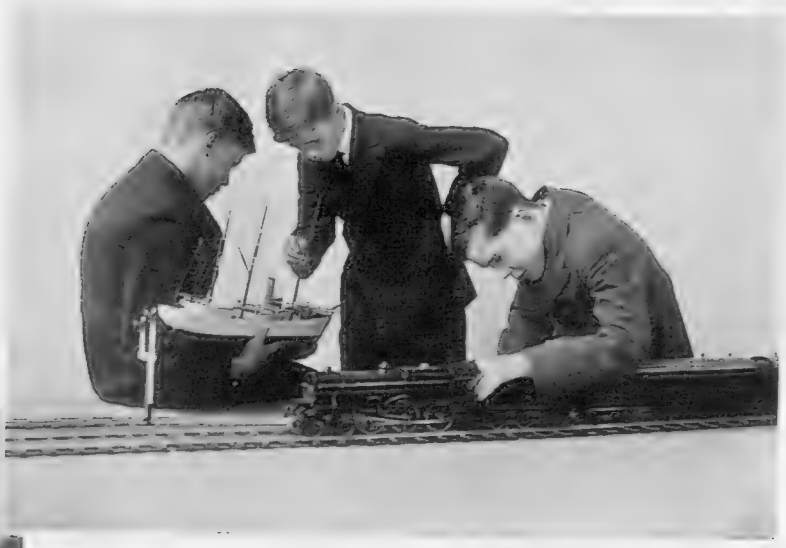
There are some excellent Christmas packs of Golden Guinea. The one illustrated costs just one (golden) guinea and contains two bottles of wine and two champagne glasses

An ideal present for a bridge player is this cabinet made of polished golden oak. The sections are detachable. In the upper portion are 100 Teofani's King's Own cigarettes, while the lower section contains two packs of cards and four bridge score-cards and pencils. These impressive cabinets, as well as the "book" (also illustrated), are obtainable from all good tobacconists

Gordon's, makers of fine gin since 1769, offer a comprehensive selection of gift cases. Dry Gin, Orange Gin, and Lemon Gin are an excellent trio; in a gift case they cost 36s. Shaker cocktails, of which there is a large variety, cost 10s. 6d. each. Those illustrated are Martini and Dry Martini, Piccadilly and Bronx

For Man and Feast

In the rush of Christmas excitements one specially feels the need for short smokes. "De Reszke" anticipate this with postal packs of "Minors," shown in the picture together with cartons of their full-sized cigarettes



It's a good Christmas for fathers! Bassett-Lowke have two new booklets, "Gauge O Model Railways" (3d.) and "Twin Train Table Railway" (2d.), which they will send on application to 112, High Holborn. These list all that is newest in the model train world

The famous Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Banffshire, produce the fine Highland blend, Grant's "Stand Fast" Whisky. Gift cases of 1, 2, 3, or 6 bottles are obtainable from most wine merchants

Champagne is essential to real "high-spot" celebration. For home entertainment or as a gift you cannot choose a better one than the Charles Heidsieck Extra Dry. The reputation of this firm is said to stand by their 1928 vintages. Order this champagne from your usual supplier

For special gifts to partners and other fellow-sportsmen Sandeman's V.V.O. and Ancient Liqueur Whisky cannot be surpassed. The latter whisky is matured for 20 years in cask and only bottled when ordered. Three bottles for 60s. from your usual wine merchant

A few seasonal suggestions are offered by Schweppes, makers of fruit drinks and table waters. They include Schweppes Sparkling Grape Fruit, Soda Water, Tonic Water, Sparkling Lime and Ginger Ale, all of which can be ordered from your usual wine or provision merchant

Father Christmas Takes a 'Plane

By Charles Ward

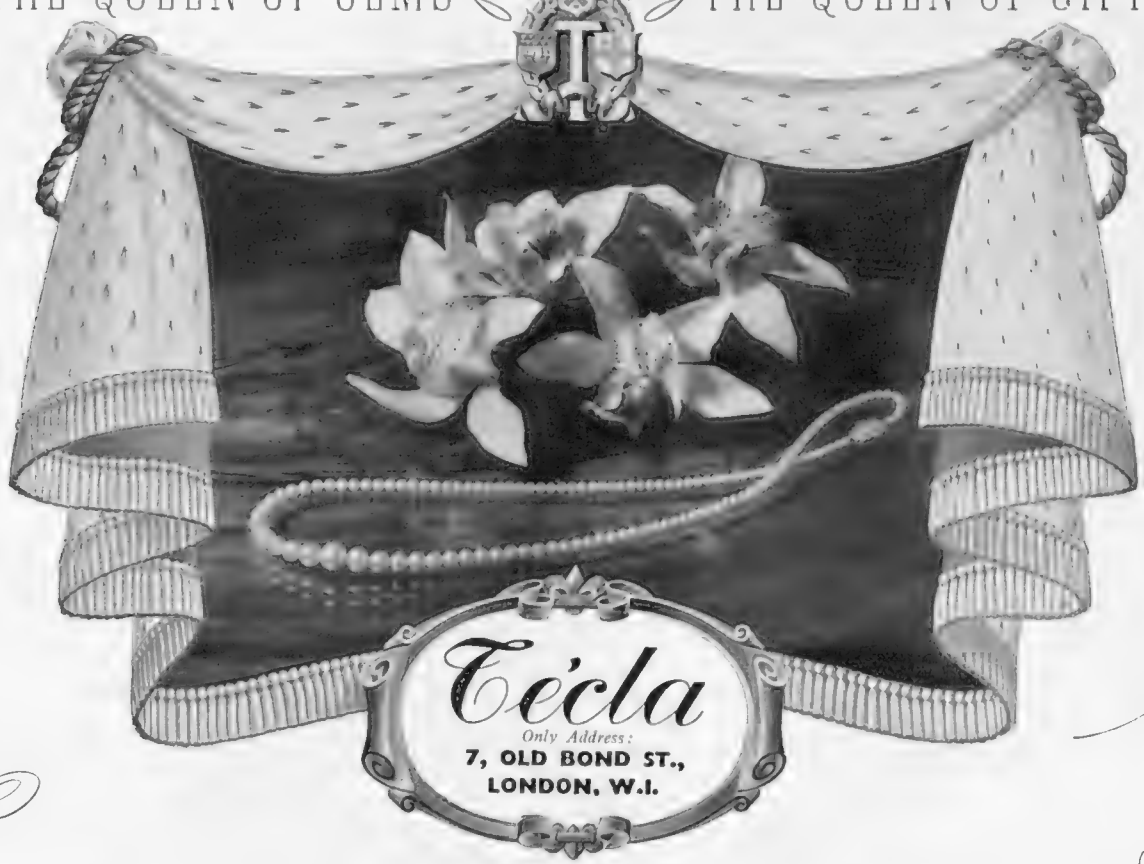
IMPERIAL AIRWAYS has been set the task of shifting 300 tons of letters, mainly Christmas greetings, during the present month. In one day at Southampton something in the order of 15,000,000 letters were handled within twelve hours. In the last week of November, 31 tons were despatched from Southampton. Less than twenty years ago the first regular air mail service to Paris was inaugurated, and each letter bore half-a-crown in stamps. To-day, mails travel automatically by air as far as Australia for 1½d. per half-ounce. The public is requested to co-operate with the Post Office by posting letters for the Empire immediately. Aircraft have a limited capacity, and delays will occur, not due to breakdowns, but for the reason that insufficient mail-planes are in service to deal with a rush which is only seasonal. Christmas cards in unsealed envelopes are carried by rail and sea—the air-liner recognises nothing less than a three-halfpenny stamp.

THERE are four different types on Imperials' service to Paris this month—"Ensign," "Frobisher," "Heracles" and "Scylla." If you want to try the comfort and speed of the first two, enquire at Victoria when booking your seat. I was lucky on a visit to the Paris Exhibition, for I drew "Ensign" in both directions. Outward bound we flew in sunshine at 7000 feet, taking 65 minutes for the trip, and for the return at night 90 minutes, against a considerable head-wind. "Heracles" and her seven sisters set the standard of comfort for all air-travel, but "Ensign" has carried the flag one stage farther. She is so much faster and there 's a smoker aboard. Why any traveller paying first-class fare goes by boat and train, I cannot imagine. It 's cleaner and more comfortable by air—also the Customs seem much kinder and there 's no queue.

Latest fashion seen at Le Bourget. Miss Babington Smith wearing, as a hat, the well-known badge of Air France, the flying horse

ROYAL AIR FORCE artists are holding their annual exhibition at the Building Centre, 158, New Bond Street. It will remain open until next Wednesday, the 21st. Mr. Russell Flint has judged the entries, which include water-colours by Admiral Mark Kerr and pencil sketches made in the air during the early war days of 1914 by Lieut.-Col. Harold Wyllie. Civil Air Guards are going strong, with 169 "A" Licences granted by the end of October. I would like to quote figures to the end of November, but Air Ministry time is one month en retard. For those who have business with departments of the Air Ministry dealing with research, production, inspection and contracts, the office has moved to Berkeley Square House. Whilst headquarters remain at Adastral House, Kingsway, 2000 members of the staff will have to get acclimatised in Mayfair, where beer, sandwiches and coffee cost slightly more than around Aldwych. Some wag has calculated that there are 30 miles of walking space in the new premises. When the answer to your letter to the Air Ministry is delayed, be patient—it may have had to be carried those 150,000-odd feet. We are making as big a spurt to challenge the world's best in the civil market as we are in the military sphere. "Ensign" and "Frobisher" are to be followed by bigger flying boats and landplanes from Shorts and by "Flamingo" from de Havillands. The latter is a highwing monoplane, to cruise at 220, carrying from 12 to 18 passengers.

THE QUEEN OF GEMS THE QUEEN OF GIFTS



Specialist in cultured real pearls of fine quality at moderate prices

COMPLETE NECKLACE *with* REAL DIAMOND CLASP 5*gns.* — GUARANTEED *for a* LIFETIME

Round the Fashionable Restaurants ——

THE PARK LANE

At the Park Lane for lunch whom should I spy but charming Lady Stanley of Alderley. Interrupted her and found her enjoying a plain Dry Martini Vermouth. Lady Stanley is a great believer in this delicious appetiser, which is a first-rate digestive tonic into the bargain.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

Again, at the fashionable Grosvenor House Restaurant I noticed Lady Ursula Stewart looking very young and charming. She also tells me that she is a great believer in a plain Martini Vermouth as a prelude to the meal. It gives zest to the food and keeps one slim.

THE CAFE DE PARIS

At the smart Cafe de Paris Restaurant I saw the evergreen Sir Seymour Hicks partaking of a chilled Dry Martini Vermouth with the hors d'œuvres — he considers no dinner *is* a dinner unless it starts with a plain Martini Vermouth.

THE CAFE ROYAL

Here is Lady Cynthia Tothill—sister of the Earl of Bandon — dining at the famous Cafe Royal Grill. Lady Cynthia who has travelled widely, told me quite a lot about the health effects of drinking Martini Vermouth. She maintains that it is one of the more beneficial aperitifs — as well as an excellent drink before and after a meal.

A glass of plain Martini Vermouth just before the meal or with the hors d'œuvres is becoming very popular — both in England and America. I am told there is definite health-value in this — the natural aromatic herbs which are blended with the rich, matured wine give to Martini Vermouth its unique bouquet and flavour, toning up the stomach and digestive organs ; thus ensuring perfect assimilation of food which incidentally keeps the figure youthful and slim.

Motoring Commentary

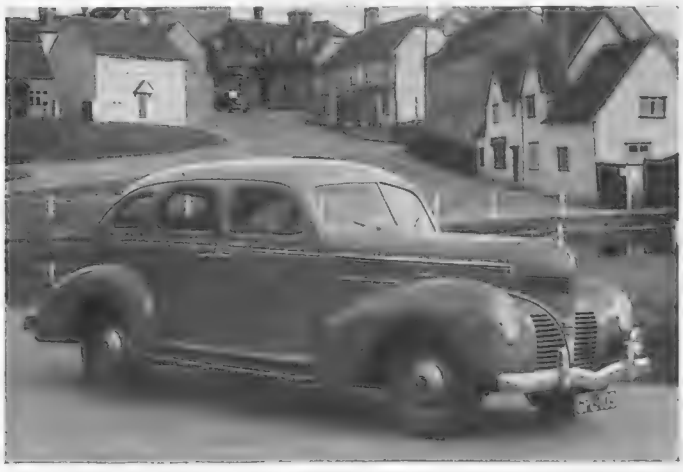
By Alan C. Hess

Is the British motor industry going to stage a come-back in important international competitions? It certainly seems so from reports sent to the headquarters of the Monte Carlo Rally, most famous of all important trials. For too many years, so her friends think, Britain has either entirely forsaken competitions or her representatives have taken part in them without making the elaborate precautions which are essential today if one is to compete on equal terms with the entrants of other countries.

This policy, which has yielded poor results, as instanced by the comparatively low placing of British competitors in recent Monte Carlo Rallies, is harmful to our export trade. Its effect has been to depreciate the value of British cars in the mind of overseas buyers who, having to drive their vehicles under conditions akin to those prevailing during the Rally, study very closely its result.

The Monte Carlo Rally taking place in the winter, drivers have to overcome difficulties never encountered by the average motorist, and the cars are subjected to a strain unparalleled in its severity. It is really an endurance trial, exacting for the driver and car alike, for it lasts continuously for four days and nights. It is made all the more trying because competitors have to start from remote points in Europe, travel over unprepared roads, and once on their way they can expect little or no assistance.

On the greater part of the journey the route takes competitors through countries where the roads, when such exist, are virtually closed to traffic for months, as they are either buried feet deep in snow-drifts or iced or under mud for miles. There are lofty Alpine passes to cross, often at dead of night, with only a narrow parapet between the comparative safety of an ice-covered road and an abysmal chasm. Blizzards, snow, fog, rain and slush are the usual companions met on this formidable journey, and all the time there is the knowledge that the slightest delay in arriving at one of the numerous checks will mean the loss of the Rally.



A Dodge at Great Bardfield: one of the smartest of modern cars, a Dodge de luxe "Six" saloon, stands out well against the old-world Essex market town

MANY technicians consider the Rally the finest testing-bench ever devised for cars, for it packs into a few days the experience it would otherwise take years to gain. There is no denying that the terrific battering inflicted on the cars finds out any weak spots, and that those able to withstand the strain are rightly considered to be excellent.

Continental manufacturers are well aware of this and they have never spared any effort to come through with flying colours. The list of prize-winners since 1924 makes impressive reading. France has won the coveted trophy no fewer than nine times, U.S.A. thrice, Great Britain twice (in 1926, the Hon. V. A. Bruce, with an A.C., and in 1931, D. M. Healey, Invicta), and Italy once.

Experience has proved that the Rally is won on the eliminating tests, held partly on the road section and at Monte Carlo. In the past, British cars have behaved remarkably well on their journey to Monte Carlo, the most difficult part of the competition, but unpreparedness for the eliminating tests has cost them the Rally.

Britain has always swept the board in the coachwork competition for the finest and most comfortable car in the Rally; now it seems she is going to make an attempt to prove that her standard production cars, the most comfortable in the world, are as good as her world's speed record-breakers.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Even lovely Miss Madeleine Carroll (talented Star of United Artists—Walter Wanger Productions) looks lovelier in Pearls.

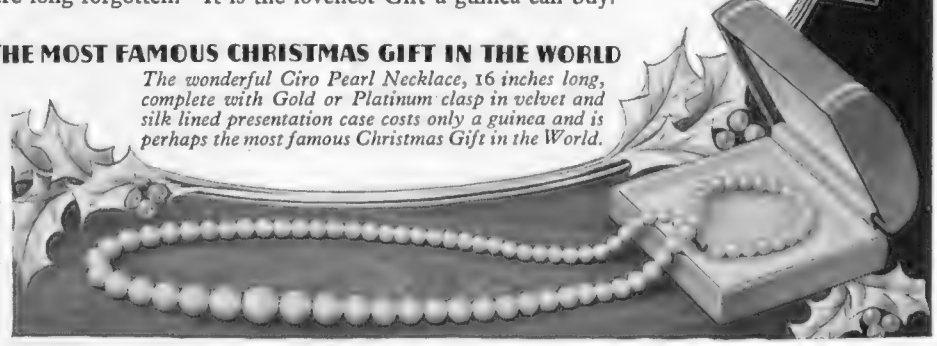
For Beauty's Sake GIVE

Ciro Pearls

The inexpressible charm bestowed by Ciro Pearls is something a woman should never be denied, for Pearls are the greatest of all aids to feminine beauty and no toilette is complete without them. They compliment and complement every age. Always in good taste they flatter every style that time can show and thus live on, the one unchanging vogue in fashion's repertoire. And because a woman always looks more beautiful in Pearls, the Gift of a Ciro Pearl Necklace will gladden her more than words can say and will be treasured when other Gifts are long forgotten. It is the loveliest Gift a guinea can buy.

THE MOST FAMOUS CHRISTMAS GIFT IN THE WORLD

The wonderful Ciro Pearl Necklace, 16 inches long, complete with Gold or Platinum clasp in velvet and silk lined presentation case costs only a guinea and is perhaps the most famous Christmas Gift in the World.



FOR THOSE WHO CRAVE

Real Pearls

CIRO is the principal importer of genuine cultured real pearls. Large scale buying direct from the fisheries eliminates middle profits and confers substantial benefits on Ciro customers. Not only is Ciro's collection unrivalled in choice but you will be charmed by the many beautifully matched and graduated Necklaces complete with Real Diamond Clasps priced as low as 5 gns. Every Pearl is open to any test or examination applicable to other real pearls—every purchase is accompanied by a certificate of origin and authenticity—and every Necklace is guaranteed for a lifetime. You are invited to choose a Necklace and wear it for a month. If you can find its equal at less than double the price your money will be fully refunded without quibble or question. Selections gladly sent on approval without the slightest obligation.

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LEEDS - - - 38 Briggate
SHEFFIELD - - 23 Fargate
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Special Ciro Departments
EDINBURGH at Jenners
BRISTOL - at J. F. Taylor
CARDIFF at J. Howell & Co.
DUBLIN - at Switzer & Co
BELFAST Robinson & Cleaver

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The business man's Fitness Campaign

Three years' intensive tests have proved to the world's greatest tennis court experts that the new 'Non Pareil' Court

LOOKS AFTER ITSELF
NEEDS NO UPKEEP
GIVES NO TROUBLE
IS ALWAYS READY FOR PLAY

Details of this revolutionary court will be gladly sent by the makers.

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WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS AND BOOKLETS

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HARD TENNIS COURT

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The BYSTANDER is on Sale at the following Agents:—

FRENCH RIVIERA

ANTIBES.—Mme. Angeleri, Place Nationale.

BEAULIEU SUR MER.—Mlles. Moulet & Moutte, 12 Bd. Maréchal Pétain.

CANNES.—Mme. Perrier, 4 rue d'Antibes.

HYÈRES. — M. Vidal, 7 Avenue Gambetta.

JUAN-LES-PINS. — M. Garcias, Avenue de la Gare.

FRENCH RIVIERA
Con'inued

MENTON. — M. Henin, 37 Avenue de Verdun.

MONACO. — Agence Hachette, 1 bis rue Grimaldi.

NICE.—M. Cesbron, Agence Hachette, 15 rue St. François de Paule.

ST. RAPHAEL. — M. Michaud, Dép. de Journaux, Avenue Amiral Baux.

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NICE — THE WESTMINSTER — 120 Rooms
Near the Gardens and Casinos. Inclusive terms from £5 5s. weekly (taxes and service included).

The Power of the Pen *(Continued from page 424)*

clutched at his throat, threw off his coat hurriedly, ran his eyes all over the desk, scattered pages of manuscript right and left, and then, failing to find the missing pieces on the desk, sank on to his knees on the floor feeling frenziedly with his fingers over the soft pile of the carpet.

As he was on his knees he prayed.

"Oh, God, please don't let me have swallowed them, please let me live to finish this book. Amen."

Then he rose and ran for the water-jug, and drank draught after draught, without, however, succeeding in dislodging the obstacle in his throat.

He then rushed to the door and, opening it, shouted: "Violet! Violet!"

It was one of his wife's minor tricks of irritation never to answer him, but compel him to run after her. In his apprehension he had momentarily forgotten that, and shouted again. "Violet! Violet! A crust of bread, quick!"

But there was no answer. He ran towards the kitchen. She stood there inimical, cold, hideous, barring the way, occupying the whole doorway. His mind had been so filled with the image of his lissom, smiling, golden Marjorie that he had completely forgotten that this grey ogress with the steel-cold eyes, deeply furrowed cheeks and shapeless paunch and legs was the life-partner to whom he was bound by law to cherish and love till death did them part.

"What did I hear you say?" she asked.

"A crust of bread, quick!"

"And what do you want a crust of bread for? Didn't you have enough breakfast? You 'll be saying next that I don't give you enough to eat."

No. It was no use telling this woman anything. Turning on his heel he mumbled: "I want nothing, thank you," and shambled back to the study, his wife's strident cry ringing in his ears.

"You needn't sulk about it, anyway."

Shutting the study door behind him noiselessly, in order to remove any possibility of her following him to accuse him of door-slamming, he went back to his desk and, taking up the fateful pen, compelled himself to go on writing.

"Please, God," he prayed, "don't let me die until I have finished."

He clutched at his throat with his left hand and felt a distinct lump. How long, he wondered, would it be before it choked him? He felt his breath becoming more difficult already. He forced himself to cough harshly to try to dislodge the fiendish thing, but that only hurt him more and threatened to rasp it like a file.

His only chance lay in trying to forget it as he wrote. After all, he had nothing now to live for once the book was written. Better a noble death than an ignoble life.

He would finish, at any rate, on a high note. Now that he had so little time to live, he wrote much more carefully, much more brilliantly. His mind became a kaleidoscope of multi-coloured images. He had at last a message to deliver. If he couldn't attain happiness for himself, he would, at any rate, be the means of showing others how to reach it.

Disregarding the gong for luncheon and the bell for tea, disregarding even Violet's shout: "You needn't go on sulking. I don't care if you never eat again," he went on in a frenzy of composition, determined to finish the last chapter, even if it was with his last breath.

In point of fact, he lived just long enough to finish not only the last chapter, but to add the words "The End," with a great satisfactory flourish.

Then with a convulsive choke he fell forward and died.

THE reviewers, as usual, praised him, when the novel appeared, for his detailed observation, and once more lamented his lack of imaginative power.

One reviewer, more knowledgeable than his fellows, also recalled the fact that the author was dead.

"It is a pity," he wrote, "that this author relied so entirely on his powers of observation, for his writing was brilliant. He had every gift but the gift of invention. If he had only been endowed with one spark of imagination, he would undoubtedly have made his work live."

On the other hand, I think it might with at least equal truth be said that if he had lacked one spark of imagination, he would undoubtedly have been still alive to-day.

On turning out the coat pockets of her dead husband, Violet found, stuck in the lining, a tiny screw and a minute piece of vulcanite. As they appeared to have no use, and to be unconnected with anything, she naturally threw them away.

The person who had to exercise quite a lot of imagination in the matter was the doctor. He was totally at a loss to account for this death, so, to cover up his ignorance, he made many flattering remarks to Violet about the power of the pen.

He was not, of course, to know any more than she, how right he was.

THE END.

By Appointment to
The Late King George V

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and
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(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

Honeysuckle — Roman Hyacinth
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Fine character is always respected. Naturally "Black & White" finds a place of honour wherever noble quality is appreciated. This famous old Scotch has a definite personality. You recognize it in the magnificent flavour and rare bouquet. This steadfast character is your assurance of unvarying satisfaction, no matter where or when you ask for "Black & White".

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

The Editor's Box

FIRST comes the question of Christmas cards, to which you should give your attention at once. Messrs. Raphael Tuck have a large selection from which to choose, all eminently seasonable. Your authority for choosing from Raphael Tuck is no less than the Royal Family's taste, for their Christmas cards come from Tuck's. We reproduce here the card chosen by Queen Mary.

Tuck's also offer a large selection of all kinds of Christmas novelties, calendars, jig-saw puzzles, post-cards and books.

The Ward Gallery

The aim of the Ward Gallery's Christmas cards is to introduce the work of good contemporary artists into the greetings of the season. Not only are the paintings and designs chosen to suit people of good taste, not only are they excellently reproduced, but also they are reasonably priced. We confidently say that in 2d., 4d. and 6d. cards you will not find a better selection anywhere, while at 1s. you get something imposing and beautiful. 1s. 6d. is the highest price with Ward's, whose cards are on sale throughout the country.

Hunting Directories

With reference to the Christmas-present problem, an automatic solution in the case of hunting friends is a hunting directory or diary. *The Hunting Diary and Guide* not only contains sheets (interleaved with blotting-paper) for the recording of the season's sport: it is, as usual, a perfect encyclopædia of hunting information, easily referred to, accurate and interestingly illustrated. Published by Walter Goldsmith and Co., of 40, Lincoln's Inn Fields, it is only 5s. in cloth.

The 42nd edition of *Baily's Hunting Directory* (Vinton and Co., 8, Breams Buildings, E.C.4) contains, we confidently say, everything the hunting man wants to know. Carefully revised and tabulated particulars of 572 hunts all over the world, 1938 point-to-point results, maps of hunting country, and awards at hound shows make it invaluable to all sportsmen. It also has a diary section for personal entries. Price, beautifully bound in red cloth, half a guinea.

Queen Mary's Christmas Card, Published by Raphael Tuck and Sons

The Life and Soul

Finally, a word on champagne-cocktails, smartest and best of beverages for l'heure de l'apéritif. It is no secret that for a perfect champagne-cocktail a bottle of "bubbly" must be newly opened. To this end Bollinger's announce their famous "special cuvée" in quarter bottles. Good news to all hosts, this.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

November Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. I. J. English	Calcutta	83	17	66	72	6 below
Miss J. Littleproud	Hamilton	84	18	66	72	6 "
Mrs. A. McCracken	Hamilton	85	18	67	72	5 "
Miss M. MacLead	Royal Melbourne	73	4	69	72	3 "
Miss E. Davies	Burnham & Berrow	79	6	73	76	3 "
Mrs. A. J. Martyn	Addington Palace	83	10	73	74	1 "
Mrs. G. Locker Lampson	Stoke Poges	89	14	75	76	1 "
Mrs. Greig	North Hants	89	17	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Coxwell Rogers	North Hants	84	11	73	73	All square
Miss B. Clixby	Thonock	83	12	71	71	" "
Miss Z. B. Davis	Sidcup	79	3	76	75	1 above
Mrs. J. Wylie	Bombay Presidency	86	14	72	71	1 "
Miss Daphne Martyn	Addington Palace	80	5	75	74	1 "
Mrs. Thoroughgood	Freshfield	86	13	73	72	1 "
Miss M. Vereker	Camberley Heath	90	16	74	73	1 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Macpherson	Marino	93	36	57	69	12 below
Mrs. Routeley	Delamere Forest	97	31	66	74	8 "
Mrs. A. Schofield	Calcutta	90	25	65	72	7 "
Mrs. S. R. Watson	Bombay Presidency	89	24	65	71	6 "
Mrs. F. Luckie	Hamilton	87	20	67	72	5 "
Mrs. A. Hunstone	Bloxwich	104	25	79	74	5 "
Mrs. J. Kemp	Exmouth	96	30	66	71	5 "
Mrs. C. F. Menzies	Keppel, Singapore	90	24	66	70	4 "
Mrs. F. C. Brasher	Calcutta	93	24	69	72	3 "
Mrs. L. Wilkinson	Cuddington	103	30	73	76	3 "
Mrs. Beaton	Ranelagh	99	36	63	66	3 "
Mrs. Peterson	North Hants	93	22	71	73	2 "
Mrs. Toogood	Hockley	104	34	70	72	2 "
Mrs. Knowles	Beverley & E. Riding	103	31	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Whitty	Hockley	106	35	71	72	1 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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"Medium" or "Mild" the 'present' forecast for Christmas . . . and a very cheery one for all concerned because the fragrance of Player's is as much a part of Christmas as crackers and pies. So give "Player's"—the Cigarettes you can be sure a smoker would choose himself . . . And you can please individual tastes by sending "Medium" or "Mild"; both are Cork Tipped or Plain.

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES IN XMAS CARTONS

"Medium"

IN CARD BOXES . 25 FOR 1'3 50 FOR 2'5 100 FOR 4'8

DECORATED TINS 50 - 2'6 100 - 4'10 150 " 7'3

IN 5-20 PACKETS 100 FOR 4'9½

"Mild" IN CARD BOXES . . 50 " 2'5

ALL SUPPLIED CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN

MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO 2 OZ. TIN 2'2

Player's

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

NCC.459.S

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Nigel Turner and Diana Ball

Nigel F. Turner is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Turner, of Hungerford Park, Hungerford, Berks. Diana Ball is the elder daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, of Kimbridge House, Romsey, Hants. Their engagement was announced this autumn

Navana

Hazel Lithgow

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. R. Lithgow, of the Little House, Leeds, Kent. She has announced her engagement to Lieut. Walter Alexander Adair, R.N., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. C. Adair, of The Cloisters, Chichester, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Maureen Johnson

Is engaged to Lieut. E. Richard Harvey Mercer, R.N., son of the late Dr. R. H. Mercer, of Burbage, Wilts., and Mrs. Emery, of Osborne Lodge, Cheltenham. She is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Ben Johnson, of Hexham House, Mannamead, Plymouth

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Gardner

Is the youngest daughter of the late Soanes Gardner, and Mrs. Gardner, of Wallfields House, Hertford. She is engaged to Captain William Odling, Royal Horse Artillery, elder son of Major and Mrs. W. Odling, of Paxford House, Paxford, Glos

Catherine Bell

Mary Osborne

Mary Evelyn Monica Osborne, daughter of the Rev. Prebendary H. J. and Mrs. Osborne, of 7, Hans Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Stanley McNeil (Peter) Greig, R.A.F., son of the late Captain Stanley Greig, of Baghdad, and Mrs. Greig, of 15, Meadway, N.W.11

Lenare

Heather Greville Williams

Is engaged to Orrok Sherwood Doulton, youngest son of the late Orrok M. Doulton, and Mrs. Doulton, of 37, De Vere Gardens, W.8. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Williams, of Harbour House, Itchenor, Sussex

Bassano

Eileen Allison

Is engaged to Richard Marshall Bond, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bond, of Bryancliffe, Wilmslow, Cheshire. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allison, of Grange Neuk, Earlsferry, Fife

Lenare

Alison Hawkings

Has announced her engagement to Arundel Gerald Evans, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Evans, of Beverston Castle, Glos. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hawkings, of Dormers, Tetbury, Glos.

Navana

Susan Phoebe Brown

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Brown, of Copthorne House, Copthorne, Sussex. She is to marry next year Peter Gray Benham, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Keith Benham, of Burton House, Stafford

Lenare

Mary Christie-Miller

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Geoffry Christie-Miller, of Stapley House, Nantwich. She will marry Richard Lloyd Freston, of Yew Tree, Combs, Chapel-en-le-Frith, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Freston, of Oakleigh, Alderley Edge, at St. Mary's, Acton, Nantwich, on January 12th

Betty Powell Baker

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Baker, of Banky Field, Wimbledon. She is engaged to Edwin Frederick (Pat) Kingsley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Kingsley, of Darjeeling, India, and Grosvenor Court Mansions, W.2

Beauchamp — Lainson

Howard Longueville Dillon Beauchamp, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, of Trevince, Redruth, Cornwall, and Rosetta Margaret Lainson, only daughter of the late Major Lainson and Mrs. Lainson, of Horringer House, Bury St. Edmunds, were married at St. Leonard's, Horringer, by the Provost of Bury Cathedral

Fletcher — Brock

At St. John's, Boxmoor, Lieut. Frank Fletcher, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. R. Fletcher, of Southridge, Boxmoor, Herts., married Anne Grosvenor Brock, elder daughter of the late Wing-Comdr. F. A. Brock, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Christopher Brock, of Roughway, Boxmoor

Gelardi — Holt

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between Arthur Gelardi and Josephine Holt. He is the second son of Commendatore and Donna Gelardi, of the Carlton Hotel, London; she is the only child of Instructor-Captain J. L. Holt, R.N., of 15, Collingham Road, S.W., and the late Mrs. Holt

Locke — Collins

Cyril Locke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Locke, of 168, Kew Road, Richmond, and Marjorie Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of 54, Nassau Road, Barnes, were married on the last Saturday in November at St. Mary's, Barnes

Benians — Martin

Lieut. J. H. A. Benians, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Benians, of The Grange, Tebworth, Leighton Buzzard, married Barbara Martin at St. James's, Cape Town. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Martin, of Johannesburg, and Warwick, England

Theophilus — Cox

Eric George Theophilus and Elizabeth Sheila Cox were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Canon and Mrs. George Theophilus, of Faccombe Rectory, Andover. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cox, of 26, Rossetti Gardens Mansions, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

Lloyd — Doyne

John Emrys Lloyd (the British foils champion), son of the Rev. T. D. Lloyd, Vicar of St. Michael's, Cricklewood, and Elizabeth Hope Doyne, daughter of P. G. Doyne, F.R.C.S., of 60, Queen Anne St., W.9, were married by the bridegroom's father at St. Peter with St. Thomas, Vere St.

Havers — Nicholson

John Reginald Havers, R.A.F., son of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. J. W. Havers, of Thetford, Bearwood, Wokingham, married Heather Eileen Ethel Huntley Nicholson, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Huntley Nicholson, of Wokingham, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Egerton — Mitchell

Robert Egerton, the only son of J. Egerton, of The Field, Penmaenmawr, married Marian Sheila Mitchell, younger daughter of the late J. S. Mitchell and Mrs. Marian Mitchell, of 24, St. Andrews Mansions, W.1, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

● "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

Schall

Cap d'Antibes, famous for its Eden Roc and its palatial villas, has a lovely mainland view from its eastern side, back to Antibes and the hills behind

Schall

Villefranche offers a deep anchorage where French and English battleships often lie. The sailing-ships here are more in harmony with the peaceful, painted scene

Riviera Number One: The Côte d'Azur

ALL the invincibly popular play grounds are the ones that give people exactly what they expect. When the naïve newcomer exclaims with delighted astonishment "Why, it 's just like the postcards!", you can be sure he 's going to enjoy himself. He 's *got* to enjoy himself, because he has found what he came for, and vanity forbids him to criticise his own choice.

No place, except perhaps the Alps, so perfectly fulfils one's visual expectations as the Riviera. It *is* just like the postcards—sky a tremendous blue, sea equally overwhelming in colour, greens like paint, flowers dazzling, dresses also. Only it 's real, stereoscopic instead of flat, and beaming in a clear, sunny air that is full of scents and characteristic smells.

Economics

THE winter season on the Côte d'Azur promises well. Last year records were broken all over the place, and 1939, provided our precarious peace is still with us, might easily repeat the process. Anyhow, big plans are being made.

Prices, on the other hand, are little increased, the exchange is as favourable as ever, the Tourist Travel card, giving a forty per cent. reduction in fares or 3d. a gallon on petrol for those staying over six days, is being continued.

Christmas

ALL the big centres from Hyères to Menton have their Christmas and New Year galas, of course. But there are people who hate a hotel Christmas, and for these there are fascinating local celebrations to attend, either in the old parts of the town they are staying in, or further afield, at such places as Le Cannet in the Alpes Maritimes, where the "Vigil of the Shepherds" is held every year by the Provençale Academy and attended by villagers and visitors from all over the district.

What Do You Play?

FROM January on, the events along the coast are in duplicate and triplicate for every day of the week. Racing at Nice, basket-ball at Juan-les-Pins, football at St. Raphael, polo at Cannes, international bridge at Monte Carlo, and tennis tournaments everywhere are spectator or active sports, according to your temperament and skill.

The golf-courses—Hyères, Valescure, Mandelieu, Mougins, Cagnes, Mont Agel—have their competitions, including two promoted by the BYSTANDER (Cagnes and Mont Agel). Mont Agel, above Monte Carlo, has been much improved and modernised in the last year or so. Its position on mountain-level and its amazing views have always made it unique.

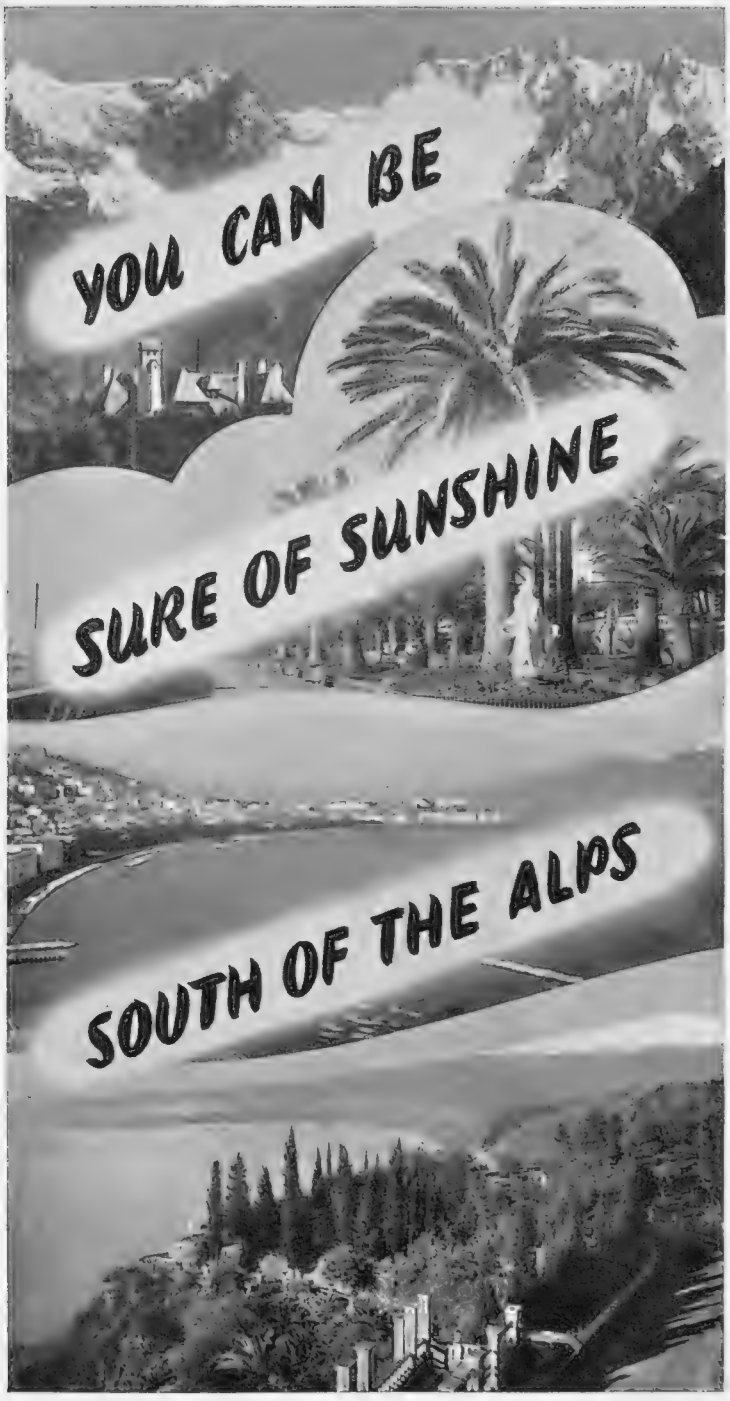
Music and Motoring

MONTE CARLO has one or two other specialities to offer, besides its one and only Casino, and its own incomparable atmosphere of theatrical fantasy which gives a kind of dream-like quality to any holiday spent there.

Among these is a very fine musical programme this winter, of recitals by such musicians as Horowitz, Schnabel, Tito Schipa; orchestral concerts under Sir Adrian Boult, Klieber, Kubelik, Milhaud; and opera, starting off with a Wagner Festival in January. After the opera, the ballet, from April 1st, when Massine's new work, *Bogatiry*, is promised its European première.

For a rather different taste, there are the two big motor events. The Monte Carlo Rally is in January (21st-25th), and the

(Continued on page F)



On the ITALIAN RIVIERA, in the BAY OF NAPLES and in SICILY there are dozens of resorts where you can enjoy hours and hours of glorious sunshine every day.

There is sunshine, too, in the welcoming smiles of the people, who are genuinely glad you have come to share the beauty of their country, to see their priceless art treasures and to listen to their operas.

In calculating the cost of wintering abroad it is unwise to consider merely the rate of exchange. Stability in the cost of living is an important factor. HOTEL COUPONS inclusive of room, breakfast, lunch, dinner and tips are issued by the Italian Federation of Hotels at prices ranging from 5/- to 18/- a day and *these terms have remained unaltered for three years.* RAIL FARES are reduced by 50% and even 70%; motorists can buy petrol at 1/2 a gallon and the special TOURIST RATE OF EXCHANGE makes "extras" (wines, etc.), ridiculously cheap.

For information and descriptive booklets apply to:
E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1., or any Travel Agency

welcome to ITALY

VIA COOKS

Tickets issued in advance for all resorts on the Riviera, in North Africa and round the Mediterranean.

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Pullmans, Sleepers and Hotel Accommodation reserved.

Some Specimen Holidays:

INDEPENDENT TOURS

French & Italian Rivieras	17 days	£23 . 10 . 6
South of France & Italy	18 days	£28 . 2 . 6

STAY AT A RESORT

Travelling by the Cote d'Azur Pullman Car Train

Monte Carlo	14 days	£18 . 16 . 6
Nice	14 days	£18 . 17 . 6

Travelling by the "Blue Train" de Luxe

Mentone	14 days	£19 . 10 . 6
Cannes	14 days	£19 . 17 . 6

Short Inexpensive Holidays

Nice	8 days £7 . 17 . 6	15 days £10 . 10 . 0
Bandol-Sur-Mer	8 days £10 . 10 . 0	15 days £14 . 3 . 6
San Remo	8 days £9 . 3 . 6	15 days £13 . 5 . 6
Ospedaletti	8 days £10 . 3 . 6	15 days £15 . 8 . 6

MOROCCO

Independent Tours

By Rail 15 days £18 . 7 . 6. Motor Coach 22 days £29.15.0

Stay at a Resort

Fedhala	22 days	£18 . 18 . 0
Marrakech—Mamounia Hotel	15 days	£19 . 10 . 0

Fares cover travel, London back to London, full-board accommodation with tips, services of Cook's Staff, etc. For further information, send for the illustrated handbook: "Winter Sunshine—The Continent, North Africa, Etc."

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Over 350 Branches throughout the World

***Menton**, the last resort between Monte Carlo and the Italian frontier, like all Riviera towns, has an old town centring round its harbour*

Grand Prix, that terrifying affair round the streets of Monte Carlo and the hairpin-bends above the town, is back in the programme again, after a year's absence, on April 16th.

Solitude

HONEYMOONERS can still find quiet places to stay at, if solitude is what they want. Between Hyères and St. Raphael along the lovely Côte des Maures are any number of little fishing villages that are also resorts, with tiny sheltered beaches, pine-fringed and flowery, and very quiet. Slightly more metropolitan, but only by contrast, are St. Tropez and St. Maxime, the former still haunted by artists, though these become yearly more irritated by the numbers of tourist intruders. There are also the islands off Hyères, about which no one who knows them will talk, jealously guarding their knowledge of these enchanted places. Their peace and beauty has been exquisitely described in de Vogüé's love-story, *Jean d'Agrève*.

From St. Raphael to Cannes, where the Esterels tumble down into the sea, and the road winds incredibly about the coastline, there is another stretch of red rocks and sandy beaches, pines and olives, which, even in high summer, is not as thick with visitors as, say, Juan-les-Pins, and in winter and early spring is really "country."

Mimosa and Snow

TO water-ski in the morning and snow-ski in the afternoon (or the other way round) sounds like one of the crazy feats that only an aeroplane could make possible. Actually it is just a thing that anyone can do who goes to the Riviera in the spring.

This new winter-sports side of South of France life makes a fantastic appeal to one's imagination. Mimosa and snow are a beautiful combination. Cannes, Grasse, Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, Nice and Monte Carlo are all winter sports resorts nowadays, with Nice leading as the most central. Beuil and its offshoot, Valberg, at over 4000 feet, are only fifty miles from Nice, or two hours by car from Monte Carlo, and have excellent ski-fields, an Olympic ski-jump, and all the necessary ski-lifts. And a "téléférique" is being built to Raton.

Auron, considerably higher than Beuil, is about ten miles further from Nice, and two and a half hours from Monte Carlo (a weekly bus service ran last year). From Auron the "téléférique" runs up to Las Donnas, 2300 feet higher still. On these fields the International Championships of France have been held.

(*Continued on page* H)

(Continued from page D*)*

STOP IN THE HEART OF PARIS

Rue de Castiglione

HOTEL LOTTI

Near Place Vendome

QUIET—REFINED
MODERATE IN PRICE, GREAT IN COMFORT

CAP D'AIL. Between Monte Carlo (2 miles) and Nice (9 miles).

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Unquestionably the finest exposure on the Riviera—200 rooms overlooking the sea—orchestra—12 acres of park—lawn-tennis—own beach — garage. Free motor-'bus service to Monte Carlo. Open the whole year round.

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MONTE CARLO.

"LET'S MEET AT OSCAR'S." The cosy Bar where you are sure to meet your friends at cocktail or tea time.

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL TERMINUS PALACE

First-class. Up-to-date. Sea front. Facing Casino gardens. Weekly terms including tips and tax from £3.10.0. With private bath £5

SPEND THE WINTER

among the meadows and Pines of the

Hotel GRANDE-BRETAGNE

CANNES Le Cannet

Quiet situation overlooking Cannes. Large Park. Private Motor Service. Casino and Golf Links. Billiards and Bridge Rooms.

Pension and Terms from :—

12/6 and 15/- per day or 4 guineas and £5 . 0 . 0 weekly

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Every comfort. Quiet situation in large garden. Moderate terms.

Manager : Mme. BRUN.

BEAULIEU S/MER.

HOTEL ROYAL

MONTE CARLO

All comforts, full south, garden overl. sea, moderate rates.

Come to-morrow—

Pack your bag. Bid Winter a long farewell and step on that boat train for Morocco — and sunshine! Warm by day — but not too warm. Cool by night — but you won't need a hot water bottle. Vista of gentle-swaying palms and minarets . . . pink-walled cities dreaming in the sun. All the glitter and glamour of the East . . . snake-charmers, jugglers, story-tellers. All the comforts of the West . . . modern hotels, good communications, both by rail and by road. It's not so far — and easy to get there. Inclusive holidays from as little as 15 Gns. for a fortnight.

Descriptive literature and travel information from:
THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.
Berkeley Street, London, W.1
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to Morocco

INFORMATION: FRENCH RAILWAYS, 179, PICCADILLY, W.1. and Syndicat d'Initiative, Cannes.

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AUVERGNE - VOSGES
AND JURA . . . .

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WHERE experts find thrills and scope
WHERE you can ski in the sun all day
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WHERE spirits are high as the mountains
WHERE hotels are hospitality itself
WHERE living is so inexpensive !

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CVS—43

KEEP IN FORM AT

ESTORIL

Why hibernate this Winter when warm sunshine, Spring weather, flowers, azure skies are yours for the asking—in Estoril. Keep right on playing golf, despite the calendar — you can count on six to eight hours of sunshine every day in that corner of peaceful Portugal

And golfing is only one of the joys of this superb Winter resort, which include tennis, riding, swimming (a fine indoor pool and sandy beach), excursions to Lisbon (only 14 miles away), fun at the Casino, dancing . . . Estoril is ideal, too, for those wanting a rest . . . the soothing, even climate and invigorating sea air restore strength rapidly. There is a modern thermal establishment, too. Accommodation at the excellent hotels and comfortable boarding houses is inexpensive—scarcely more than living at home!

Average temperature in Winter : 54°F.
Average temperature of 6 to 8 hours of sunshine daily in Winter.

CLIMATOLOGIC STATION OF MONTE ESTORIL
UNDER TECHNICAL SUPERVISION OF THE CENTRAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

TEMPERATURE (MEAN) : 1935 : 60.87 ★ BRIGHT SUNSHINE : 1935 : 3204.47
» » 1937 : 61.43 » » 1937 : 2971.46

YEAR 1938	Mean. M+m/2	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER (Dec.-Feb.)	52.77	58.98	46.54	90.77	526.09	55.7
SUMMER (June-August)	68.85	76.82	60.90	126.07	1119.46	61.6

Cruise from London : 2½ to 3 days. Rotterdam Lloyd guarantee visitors to Portugal homeward accommodation.
Price :
1st cl. £12 .. with return £18. 2nd cl. £7 .. with return £11.

Trains run daily from Lisbon-Paris and Paris-Lisbon. Daily Air Service to all parts of Europe.
For information : Casa de Portugal, 20 Regent St., London, or Propaganda Soc., Estoril, Portugal

ESTORIL
Sun and sports

● "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

(Continued from page F)

Nearer still, but less reliable as to snow, are Audibergue just behind Cannes and Grasse, and Piera Cava at the back of Monte Carlo, and only twenty-five miles by road from Nice.

Which Train?

IN their 200-page Winter Sunshine handbook for the Continent, which Cook's will send you if you ask (you should), there is quite a substantial section devoted to the Riviera and the various arrangements the agency has for visiting it. On some of their journeys they use the famous Blue Train, and on others the day service of the Côte d'Azur Pullman car train.

The Riviera is a happy hunting-ground for enthusiastic walkers, and Cook's cater specially for them, using the ideal centre, Menton.

A Visit to Africa

MOROCCO, famous for leather and its much-photographed night-haunt namesake in New York, is rapidly becoming an English winter resort. Going to Africa sounds such a tremendous undertaking, unless you belong to the class of world wanderers who rush hither and thither with time and distance no object. But Morocco has all the attraction of the strange, the exotic, the ancient and the non-European country with an accessibility that brings it within the scope of a brief holiday, a moderate purse.

There are two ways of spending your time there. Either you can choose a centre—like Marrakech, with its wonderful gardens and its famous Moorish-style hotel; or Rabat, on the mouth of the Bou-Regreg River, home of the Sultan; or Meknes, with its two great gates, its Aboul garden, its ostrich farm; or Fez, with its superb architecture in palaces and mosques—and from there make sight-seeing excursions. Or you can do the excellently arranged round trip, starting from the seaport, Casablanca, and ending at Tangiers, with visits to all the famous towns, and an excursion into the mysterious Atlas Mountains. This takes twelve days if you follow the orthodox schedule.

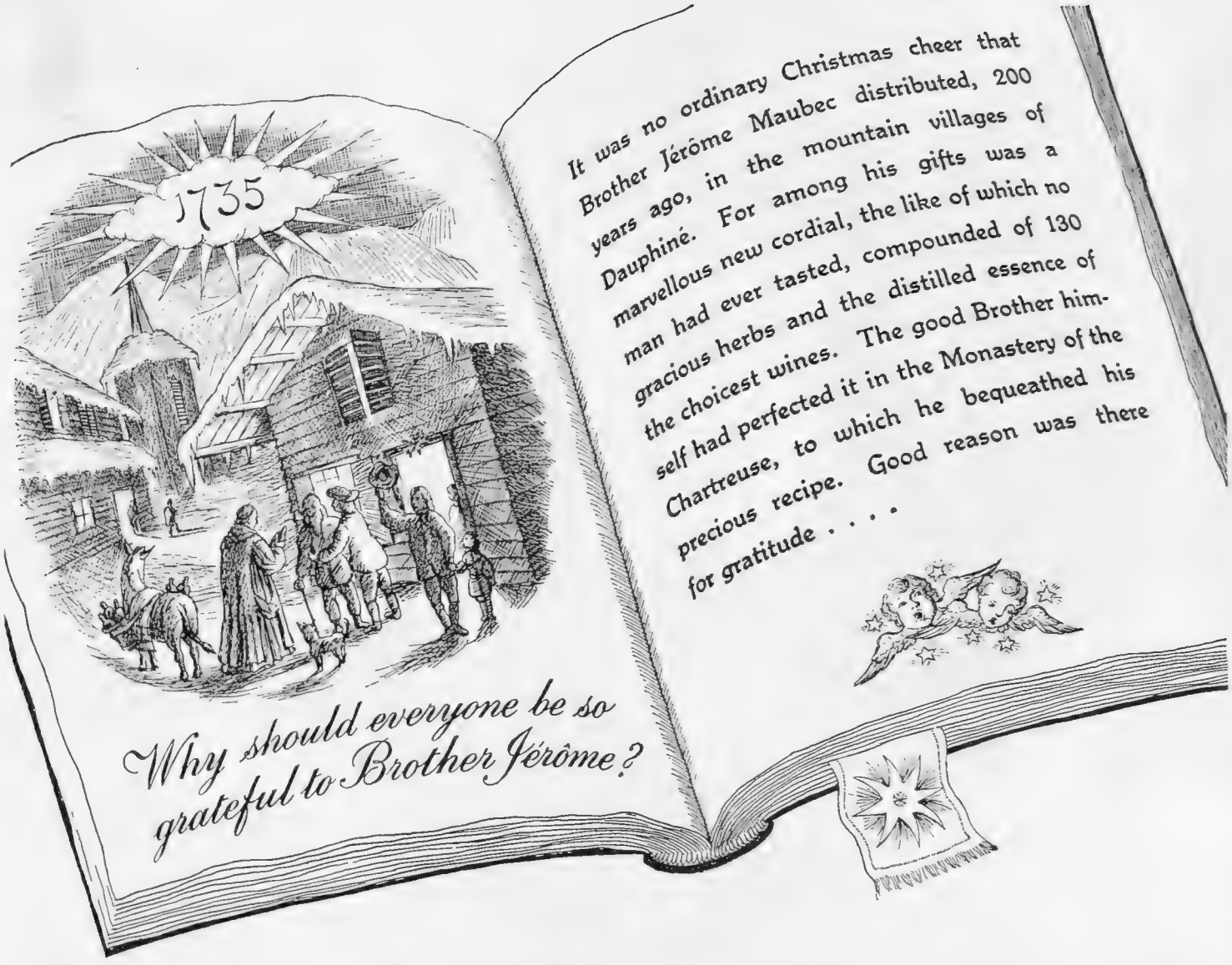
There is plenty of exploring off the beaten track to do, but for this you must take expert advice. And whether you go as tourist or idler, it is well worth reading Morocco up beforehand. The air is full of history and strange old stories which come alive for you if you have taken even a little trouble to know about them.

(concluded on page J)

***Marrakech** is the most fashionable place in Morocco for English visitors. In contrast to its famous luxuriant gardens is its dusty, busy, sun-beaten native quarter*

MENTON *Hotel Atlantic & Malte*
First class yet moderate. :: Central and sunny in nice garden.
Manager-Proprietor: Mr. Pedrini.

MONTE CARLO
HOTEL BRISTOL & MAJESTIC
200 rooms, 80 baths, facing sea, bridge room and bar. Garage for 20 cars in hotel. Full board from 75 frs. on.



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As comforting as kindness, as dignified as tradition, Chartreuse is the perfect Liqueur for Christmas. Still made by the Chartreux monks, and by them alone, it is matured in casks of venerable oak for many years before it achieves its incomparable fragrance and mellow benignity.

Green Chartreuse is richer and rather drier; Yellow Chartreuse is a little blander and more delicate. But each in its own manner is supreme, for in all the world there is no Liqueur so famous and so distinguished as Chartreuse.

Chartreuse

THE LIQUEUR OF LIQUEURS

• "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION *(Continued from page* H*)*

Naples and Vesuvius—a Panorama from Sant' Antonio

Riviera in Italian

ANGLO-ITALIAN tourism has been given a tremendous fillip by the Anglo-Italian Agreement. The English are natural lovers of the Italian scene, and after several nostalgic years, hundreds of them will have the delightful feeling this winter that they can please themselves again, and follow Mr. Chamberlain's example into the bargain, by taking a Rome-ward road.

Riviera in Italian makes three quite different pictures. The Ligurian Riviera has the same kind of beauty as the French Riviera, of which its western half is a continuation across the Ventimiglia frontier. It has been well Anglicised, but these Mediterranean coasts can live down any amount of English tea-shops and libraries. Mistral haters should note that this horror is unknown east of San Remo. Beyond Genoa the coast flowers again into the eastern Ligurian Riviera of Rapallo and Portofino, wilder in scenery than its Ponente sister, gentler in climate.

The second Riviera picture has the eternally astonishing background of Vesuvius. From Naples, in its sweeping, beautiful bay, to Salerno is a stretch of coast of as varied loveliness as any in Europe. Sorrento, Amalfi, Rapello are all good centres for exploring it. Only half an hour from Sorrento is the magical Capri. And at the opposite end of the Bay of Naples is Ischia, bigger than Capri, but much less known to English people, a perfect place for a simple, comfortable holiday.

Thirdly, there is Lake Garda, between Gargnano and Salo, where the sunny, mild winter climate justifies the Rivieran claim. One can now motor round the whole lake, part of the way on the new road from Gardone to Riva, a tremendous example of Italian road engineering. Incidentally, it is not expensive to hire cars here, or motor-boats for the endlessly lovely lake excursions.

Atlantic Riviera

IMAGINE that at Esher or Rickmansworth the Atlantic breaks mildly on a southern-facing, sunny shore, sheltered from the north and east by mountains, and more closely by pine and eucalyptus woods, luxuriant and flowery, as warm in January as the rest of England is in April or May. How would that be for London? Probably it is better not to imagine it, since such a picture would certainly include rows and rows of bungalows and boarding-houses and villas, English villas.

The point is that Lisbon, capital of Portugal, has Estoril, a heavenly town by the sea, only fifteen miles away. And the Portuguese have understood and rightly valued their Riviera. Where necessary they have developed it well, with really good hotels, a casino, an excellent 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, beach, and the important thermal establishment. Elsewhere they firmly discourage the spoliation of the lovely surroundings of hills and woods and coast.

Estoril—the Plage

Everyone who knows Estoril loves it, and goes there again and again. It has a really charming atmosphere, and is far more natural than most seaside resorts. There are, too, a number of smaller towns and villages near by, like Mafra, Sintra, and Colares, which are pleasant to stay in, good for exploring the country around — a rich field for the amateur historian and archæologist — and from which Estoril is perfectly accessible.

And the Portuguese really like their English visitors, extending to them a welcome which is a delightful mixture of dignity and friendliness.

London

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Ou

THESE notes must, this month, necessarily contain facts and figures wholly uninteresting to such readers as are spending their Christmas and New Year Nights at home, or at the homes of friends. But if you are releasing your staff, and want to dress up and go out, you 'd better know what the plans are and what the prices. Many of the Grand Babylons, restaurants and smaller taverns will be wide open to entertain you on those nights. Their charges are higher, naturally, than usual. But included will be false noses, favours, and more sumptuous and seasonable dishes. Where I give prices for special nights, they do not include wines.

Miss America at the Dorchester

The Dorchester

ON Christmas Day the carnival starts at 8 p.m. in the restaurant. At 10 there is a cabaret performance, even more lavish than the usual Dorchester offering, and with the same stagers as have been there for the last month, and will continue into the middle of January. Naunton Wayne, Vera Haal, the Calgary Bros., Long, and Les Girls. Over the great week their lines, jokes and costumes will be fully seasonable, and I shall be surprised if Jack Jackson on the bandstand doesn't get impregnated with the right spirit, too. The price of that evening is a modest 35/-. Plans are about the same for Boxing Night, but the price is only 25/-. On New Year's Eve the whole place goes super-gala, for dinner at 8.15, cabaret at 11.15, Big Ben Chimes at midnight, Highland Pipers, a New Year's surprise and dancing throughout. That 's 63/-.

It 's worth mentioning, too, that the Dorchester is putting up special low inclusive prices for people staying at the hotel in style over the festive days, and revelling with the incomers. You 'd better ask about it. It looks to me almost too good to be true.

Grosvenor House

TO-MORROW, December 15th, Grosvenor House is putting on a colossal midnight cabaret show, *Grandfather's Follies*, a "Musical Satire of the 'Nineties." The stage is to be a replica of a Victorian tavern. A cast of forty, including male (that 's new) and female chorus, will show you multitudinous aspects of the way your grandfather (whom you 'd better take along, if you can trust him to keep his head) disported himself during the purple patch of imperialistic London. Lipton's band will be in costume; there will be a hansom cab on the stage, and more outside to take you home in the small hours. Earl Leslie appears for 1938 and '39 with Flora Duane, no newcomer to Grosvenor House. The Music Hall Boys, than whom none better can spoof the period in question,

Land of Our Fathers at Grosvenor House

are up to their old tricks. The Three (Radio) Admirals, ditto. And the Two Equillos sing and distort themselves in acrobatics. The stage costumes and shoes are being made by the same firms that clothed your grandpop and his ladies fifty years ago.

Christmas Night and Boxing Night are 25/- each, with amplified cabaret. New Year's Night, when you will be televised to thousands of envious viewers in the Home Counties, including gifts and souvenirs and whatnot, is 52/6.

Prunier's

CLOSED on Christmas, Prunier's is taking the festive week otherwise in entirely its own equanimous way. No extra prices. Indeed, if you have a party to entertain, and you go and talk it over with them beforehand, you find that the final reckoning comes to probably less than normal per head. Also, for one week, starting to-day, Madame is allowing certain of her wines and liqueurs to go for prices appreciably lower than listed. Present-

Nights

Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

"It's from Prunier's!"

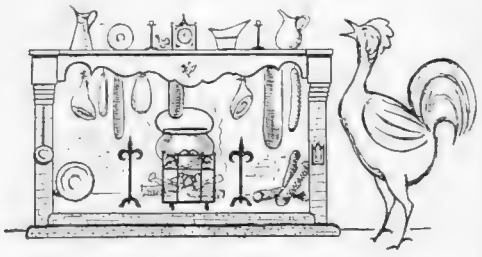
givers, please note. You can get the card of these bargains for the asking, from a single 6/- bottle of sherry to a dozen 30/- bottles of that superb Calvados.

Roumanian caviare is possibly the spot dish of the moment. Packed dew-fresh in Bukarest on a Monday, it is on your plate in St. James's Street on Wednesday. The duck, Rouennais à la Presse, is there every Tuesday and Thursday for certain, and you may be lucky other days. Other tips: oysters, of course; fresh asparagus; Christmas pudding; terrine de gibier; that vast wine-list; any plat du gourmet; the "On Prendra" service; and Madame's new Prunier Cookery Book, which you might give as a Christmas present to your cook, with delicious results.

Le Coq d'Or

SARTORI was rather coy when I asked him what the great Coq d'Or was doing over Christmas week. He started telling me of old-time Christmas festivities he had enjoyed at the restaurants of his friends at Nice. But Le Coq d'Or will surely go gay, and Christmas-trees and turkey and plum-pudding will be very much in evidence for that night and the New Year. Sartori is ordering an unconscionable number of birds to turn on his great electric spit in the Broche. You 've probably seen it working with the daily Munchausen rank of chickens.

What should one say otherwise about a restaurant and a man of such fame? You have only to go there for lunch or dinner (book tables, *please*), to fall an easy prey to gastronomy at its finest.



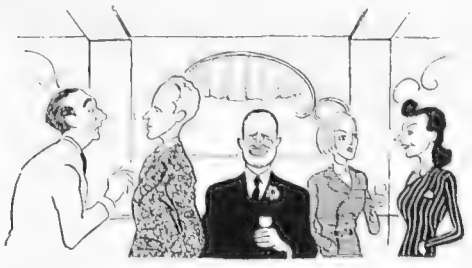
Entrance Hall, Coq d'Or: something to crow about

Those oysters opened at your table; the soups that need no extra seasoning ever; the escargots de Bourgogne, if you like them and their garlic, as I do; the great roasts and the exquisite game; the wood-fire grills; the sweets and cheeses; the wines, on which you have only to get Sartori talking; the restaurant itself, with a special banqueting-room upstairs for great gatherings; the very menus, lettered in a master-hand that does justice to the dishes written!

The Mirabell

IF I made my first mention of the Mirabell without a word of wonder at their visitors' book, I would be unique and a bit loony. For this is the restaurant, at the Bolton Street corner of Curzon Street, which hopes to continue the name and fame of the fabulous and fabled one of the Salzburg of the great, free festival days. And princes, potentates, and artists fed royally and signed gratefully. Dollfuss, the Windsors, Schuschnigg, Marlene, Reinhardt, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., and so on, far into the night. Many remember it not only for itself but for Miss Greta Kasznar, the very attractive young daughter of the proprietor, and part of the obvious brains of the régime.

In Curzon Street now it has the good wishes of all men of goodwill. Leslie Howard's latest signature was "Tout le charme d'une soirée sur le continent . . . à Londres." Edward Everett Horton laments that his visit that day to the Mirabell made his departure for Hollywood the next unbearable. Douglas Fairbanks, who knew it in Salzburg, says shortly of it in London, that it couldn't be better.



Greta Kasznar (r.) and Mirabell Celebrities: Horton, Howard, Fairbanks, Bergner

An atmosphere in everything about it, which ladies of fashion are finding

"A Splendid Show"—*The Bystander.*

NIGHTLY AT 10 and 12

(Two entirely different Shows)

"The Dorchester"

presents the 2nd EDITION of

"Christmas Laughter"

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THE CALGARY BROTHERS

Vera Haal

NAUNTON WAYNE

NICK LONG, JR.

VERA HAAL

and the

DOR-CHESTER HALE GIRLS

JACK JACKSON and his BAND

"A Sherek Show"

ON PRENDRA — A BOON!

Prunier's popular 'On Prendra' Service solves the problem of Picnics, Surprise Parties, Unexpected Guests or a sudden return to town. Pop into Prunier's, choose the dish you desire, take it away properly packed in convenient cartons, and delectably dine at home.

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

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Golden Guinea

French SPARKLING MUSCATEL

THE ROYAL WINE FOR ALL FESTIVITIES

Obtainable at all Leading Hotels, Restaurants & Wine Merchants

La Corville

Specialty of

Oysters, Shell Fish,

Fish and Light Wines.

79, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2
Tem. 8768.

Pro. : J. PAGÉS
Late Manager of Prunier's, London.

CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

First-class French cooking in Luxurious surroundings.

FLEMING'S HOTEL

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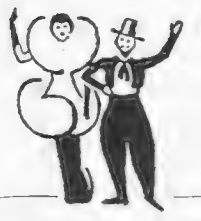
A luxuriously comfortable and peaceful hotel in the heart of the West End. Renowned for superlative cuisine and service Double and single rooms. Large and small suites.

Phone : GROsvenor 2964. Grams : Fleminotel, Audley, London.



BOOK NOW for XMAS and NEW YEAR GALAS at

L'Auberge de France

PICCADILLY CIRCUS
(*opposite London Pavilion*)

Under the direction of
Monsieur C. DERTU.

'Phone : WHI 7361

Another Entrance is in the Winston Hotel, Jermyn Street.

DINNER and DANCE

Xmas Eve	..	15 6
Xmas Day	..	£1 1 0
Boxing Day	..	15 6
New Year's Eve		£1 15 6

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Exquisite in flavour and bouquet . . . . most wholesome because of many years in maturing . . . the Empire's leading liqueur and a world-favourite. At all Restaurants.

Drambuie

much to their Mayfair taste. Lunch and dinner, Sundays, too, and music in the evenings. No dancing, but perfect feeding and wining, in a corner of London where such things are not frequent. Please go and see.

The New Clarges

It is not so long ago since new cellars were opened as part of the general re-doing of the New Clarges ; which included those fine new cloakrooms, the new bar on the right, for drinks, snacks and oysters, and the red glory of Guieu's complete restaurant re-organisation. Now Binaco and his directors have put worthy wines into the ready cellars. No connoisseur placed the New Clarges' wines low on the London lists before. Modestly Binaco now says that though they cannot even now quite touch this, that, and perhaps one other place, they will be in the first four or five. If that is not pure modesty, but fact, I can only say that the wines will not have quite caught up the food, which I put into the first three easily. From France, from Hungary, from Germany, and from Spain, great bottles and vintages have been lovingly carried to the special departments downstairs in the grottos. These are kept at scrupulously exact temperatures for the reception and maintenance of each. For two pins Binaco will

"Coming, Sir!" to the New Clarges

show you round. Ask him to. When the last bottle has been laid, he certainly will.

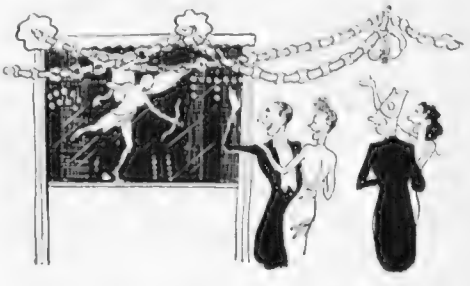
Open Christmas and New Year's nights.

L'Auberge de France

For one week only, M. Dertu is having dancing back on the floors of what he has so successfully turned lately into a gourmet's gathering-place. Ivor Fried's band of four will play over the Christmas week. Till then, and after, L'Auberge will be L'Auberge, and already some of those who have hailed the no-dancing régime in the last month have booked tables for one or all of the big nights. So M. Dertu's wisdom is proved.

Piccadilly Circus is, of course, more than ever the corner-stone of Empire as the midnight chimes bring in the New Year. From the windows of L'Auberge you will get a good glimpse of the milling throngs around Eros at midnight. Book your tables, because there will be a throng. It is always wise these days to book at L'Auberge, because, as this paper exclusively revealed (isn't that the phrase ?), the knowing ones will make and have made a beaten track to the Piccadilly Circus door.

It is mostly M. Dertu's brilliant supervision of all the cooking. It is partly the swift and courteous service. It is partly the atmosphere, both of the restaurant and the grill. And those of you who discover this place on the last night of the old year may be assured of a happy gastronomic New.



New Year's Greetings at L'Auberge de France

Hatchett's

I notice that the new floral decorations of Hatchett's are more sumptuous than ever. And, in ratio, the feminine element in the clientèle becomes more numerous and more attractive. Fine food, preponderantly British, but wholly capable of Continental flights of excellence. A wine-list that you should probably get your rich old uncle to appraise at its true worth. Boscasso himself, bustling, cheerful, a terribly good salesman of his wares. Waiters who know the food they serve. And a bill at the end that is attractively low.

Not open on Christmas Night. But on the New Year there will be a memorable blast or two on the old Hatchett's coaching horn, and the spirit of Pickwick, which has ever had a fondness for the inn mentioned in its pages, will be abroad among the well-fed customers. Christmas has already found its way into the

"First Class" for Hatchett's

decorations, and it will remain there well into 1939. Old friends particularly are notified of the mere 8/6 New Year's Night charge for the whole evening's festivities. Will they change, please, because it will be eminently a dinner - jacket / tails evening?

La France Gourmande

NEXT time you lunch at the Ecu de France, in Jermyn Street, turn left outside afterwards and look into the windows of the little shop next door. That's La France Gourmande, a love-child of l'Ecu, and a brain-child of Mr. Sender, its great proprietor. You will see boxes of what Americans class as "candy," though that seems a wretchedly vulgar name for the delights here. But they're not all chocolates, and "sweets" sounds too sticky. The official brochure says, in charming translation, "That ravishing assortment of French chocolates and bonbons, those sweets that become a habit, yes, almost a vice: LES FRIANDISES DE LA FRANCE GOURMANDE. Pruneaux fourrés de Tours, cassissines de Dijon, pralines de Montgargis, forestines de Bourges, and the famous Chocolate Weiss of St. Etienne mutely appealing, trusting only to their natural wiles to ensnare you. Who should blame you for your weakness? Certainly not your most humble servants, La France Gourmande."

Bivalves in Jermyn Street

Good stuff. Menzies might well sign it. And you and I had better immediately get possessed of a copy of the exquisite catalogue of which these are forewords. There you see the very sweetmeats illustrated in the best Parisian half-tone. See those chocolate oysters. See the whole shop. Then get your gift list going, and remember that La F.G. is very, very special.

Kempinski's

KEMPINSKI'S, through the neo-Selfridgian arch of Swallow Street from Regent Street, has long had its seasonable campaign ready for zero hour. You will find the gay Continental atmosphere of Saints Claus and Sylvester refreshingly set off by English cabaret—I mean British, for Bruce Seton, brother of a Linlithgowshire baronet, is rousingly Scots as the St. Andrew's night clientèle learnt. Seton's songs, genre "Down Among the Dead Men," share honours in the Savarin room with Londino - Parisian Jennifer Leigh, as attractive in her piquante way as lovely Marjorie Dale downstairs in the gemütlich tavern.

Wall Cheer at Kempinski's

Mr. Kempinski, broad and genial, bows to the English stay - at - home Christmas and closes his house on Der Tag. But there are Yuletide lunches, dinners, suppers on Christmas Eve, à la carte (and what a carte!). On Boxing Day, lunch as usual, then a gala dance (optional evening dress), with an extension until two. Again à la carte. Christmas specialities appear once more for lunch, dinner and supper on Tuesday, the decreed Bank Holiday. Finally, on New Year's Eve, comes a gala dinner dance in the Savarin room. You must dress for this, and get tickets beforehand, the more beforehand the better. They cost 30/-, a bagatelle beside coupe de homard (a house speciality), roebuck and marrons glacés, parfait St. Sylvestre. Not on the menu are atmosphere à la Kempinski and décor Lowen; the latter's fascinating awninged murals (one reproduced here) are now flood-lit. 1939 greeted in such surroundings ought to go well.

The Meeting-Place of London Society for Continental Food is
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99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

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LUNCH and DINE at KINGS
Lower John Street, Nr. Piccadilly Circus, W.1.
Convenient for shopping and all theatres. You will enjoy the well-cooked food, attentive service and restful surroundings. A quiet spot to meet your friends.
Nearby car park. GERrard 6576.

Le Bon Viveur

Supper Service at Bon Viveur

OUR artist this month has not chosen anything new to illustrate. The Bon Viveur service is famed among its members as well as their lucky guests. And it has been so from the beginning. But I thought it about time it was immortalised—or at least crystallised—in line. There *is* a new feature there, though. You remember that back-drop on the left as you go in? The lighted view of foreign parts that made you hungry for the warm south? That has been changed, though not in spirit. It now represents the bathing beach at Cannes, and you 'll find that the signpost lampstand has had its face "made over" and Cannes there, too, has supplanted Juan. Don't ask me why. But it is a cheerful new note in a restaurant that changes little. Meanwhile, the food, the wines and the charm of the place remain blessedly static. Only the membership goes up and up and up.

Mr. Davico asked me to tell members that they mustn't make for the Bon Viveur on New Year's Night—or, at least, not to see the New Year in there—because he will be closing his shutters at 11 p.m. so that his staff can see it in where they will. But it 's open for its usual dinner at its usual prices. To wish Davico and his club a prosperous New Year is polite and sincere. But not necessary. They 'll have it.

New Queen's

De Luxe Oysters at New Queen's

IS it oysters you 're wanting? A new and pleasant locale for their consumption has been inaugurated for your pleasure in that bar at the top of the steps going down to the New Queen's Bierkeller, in Leicester Square. There you will find white-coated men busy with the openers, the barrels, the Tobasco and the brown bread and butter that are the invitations to a great feed. All oysters here are one sort, one price—Whitstables at 6/- a dozen, and fat as aldermen all. It is a counter where you will see actors and artists, authors and big business men, all keen and expert on their bivalves. Downstairs, again nice people. Young people, pretty girls, Christmas shoppers contemplating matinées, and hungry children figuring on pantomimes. It *is* a place for that schoolboy and schoolgirl hunger!

In the Bierkeller, New Year's Night will be a 10/6 charge only, for dinner, dancing, entertainment and favours. Anyone who knows the Bierkeller will realise that this is a knock-down price for the sort of show they do you. But it is a thank-you gesture of theirs to their old customers and friends. Those will be doubly welcome that night and Christmas Night (same charges).

La Coquille

THE new decorations, to Paul Guieu's plans, are about complete. I don't know if M. Pagès will have moved the ground-level bar yet, but the mirrors and walls behind it have the right fishy aspect now.

La Coquille is doing extremely well by any standards, and especially as it is a newcomer. Lunch finds both rooms full. You 'd be surprised how many dishes of mussels and scallops find contented homes during a week. And for a restaurant by name and intention specialising in fish, it is a tribute that chicken and pancakes are among the best-sellers. Wines are carefully picked before being put on the list, which is itself no mean size. The wines en carafe are great favourites, with a baby carafe if you want only a glass with your oysters.

ASK FOR 'GIN AND I did LILLET' — YOU'LL ENJOY IT I do
5/6 a bottle. Agents: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes, Ltd., 16, Water Lane, London, E.C.3

The people who come are mostly those who have been before, or their friends who have been told about it. And, finally, don't forget that you can have many of the special dishes sent, ready-cooked, to your home by messenger. That 's a line that is finding many wise takers. Closed Christmas Day for the staff. Otherwise the same as ever, and long may that remain. All prices very reasonable.

The Majorca (Brewer Street)

MR. BONAFONT opened the Majorca some two and a half years ago. It has built a steady clan of friends ; smart people, young people, people who like Spanish cooking, people who like the cool, white cleanliness of the room, or the decorations of Duncan Miller, which include a huge Majorcan windmill effect as you come in at the door.

Bonafont of the Majorca

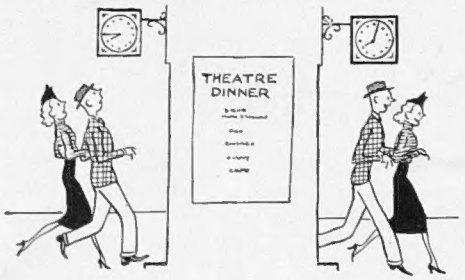
Mr. Bonafont knows most of his customers by name, and all of his food by heart. He has very considerately translated all the Spanish dish-names into English on his menu. Set lunch is 2/9, dinner 4/-. But there is a good card of many other offerings, and ten or a dozen dishes of the day. Wines are inexpensive by any standards, and the Spanish wines really good. Try Cordoniu at 12/- a bottle, and you 'll agree. Also the Spanish fine maison at 1/6.

Open Sundays, closing around midnight. No Christmas Day lunch, but dinner certainly. On New Year's Night there are high old Spanish doings, with twelve votive grapes for the next twelve months' wishes. Boxes of chocolates to the ladies. The only trouble is that you 'll probably find it 's all booked up. Try, and you may be lucky.

King's Silver Birch

NO. This is not a haunt of Lucullus—at least, not if he is looking for the trappings of ceremony, the trolleys, the big wine-lists, the space, music and chromium-plate. The Silver Birch, in John Street, just behind the Regent Palace Hotel, is simple, homely, cheap and remarkably good. Such celebrities as come, come incognito and bless the place for its unpretentiousness. It is the sort of restaurant you find gratefully in your wanderings, and slip back to time and time again for the simplicities of life. Only two white-jacketed waiters serve you, and with great speed and accuracy if you are in a hurry for a theatre. (Eighteen minutes is the record for the long, 4/- dinner, and nothing just "hotted up.") There are not many more than a dozen little tables, though there is also a downstairs room increasingly used for quiet parties. The lunch is 2/3. There is generally game and chicken on the menu. Omelettes are excellent, and the same goes for the vegetables.

You won't see a dinner jacket there often, and the clientèle is largely young. For lunch, and a cross-word over a pipe and some coffee (that 's good, and an American said so first). Not Sundays. Not Christmas Day. Boxing Night you 'd better book for. The prices will be the same as usual. I recommend you to go in for a meal when you 're next Piccadilly Circus way. EDAX.



18 mins. Record at King's Silver Birch

Restaurant Extension Nights

TUESDAY. London Casino. Hungaria.
WEDNESDAY. Café de Paris, Berkeley, Quaglino.
THURSDAY. Dorchester, Grosvenor House, Savoy.
FRIDAY. May Fair, Piccadilly, Café Anglais.

***An important supper party** at the Café de Paris recently included Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Gabriel, Mr. and Mrs Reginald Cole, Captain Percy Davis, and Miss Gil Martin*

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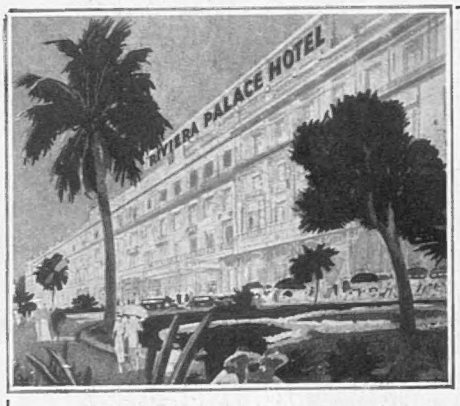
Special Gala Dinner, Festivities, Original Gifts, Dancing, Augmented Cabaret and a Midnight Surprise! Extension of licence - - - 52/6



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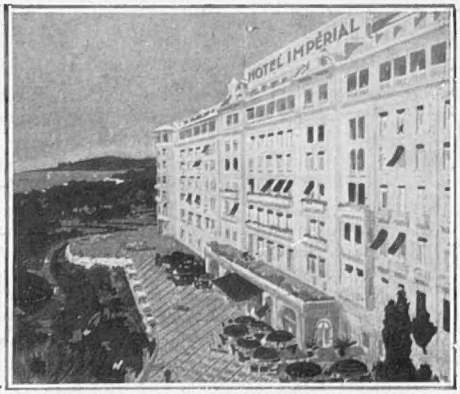

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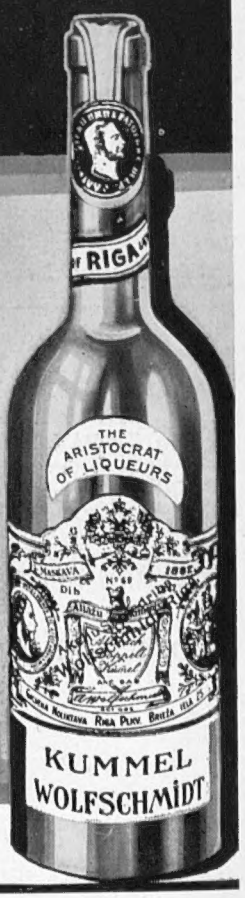
London	1862	Bronze medal
Riga	1865	Bronze medal
St. Petersburg	1870	Silver medal
Vienna	1873	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Silver medal
Paris	1878	2 golden medals
Moscow	1882	Coat of Wards
Bordeaux	1882	Golden medal
Paris	1882	Golden medal
Naples	1883	Golden medal
Amsterdam	1883	Golden medal
Caracas	1883	Golden medal
Riga	1883	Hors Concours
Nice	1884	Honorable Diploma
London	1884	Golden medal
Antwerp	1885	Golden medal
Liverpool	1886	Golden medal
Edinburgh	1886	Silver medal
Brussels	1888	Golden medal
Tiflis	1889	Hors Concours
Chicago	1893	Golden medal
Paris	1893	Honorable Diploma
Antwerp	1894	Honorable diploma
Amsterdam	1895	Golden medal
Bordeaux	1895	Honorable diploma
Lübeck	1895	Golden medal
N. Nowgorod	1896	Coat of Wards
Paris	1900	Grand Prix
Glasgow	1901	Honorable diploma
Zürich	**1930**	Golden medal
Riga	**1932**	Golden medal
Florence	1934	1 Grand Prix 1 Golden medal
Brussels	1935	Grand Prix
Paris	1937	Grand Prix



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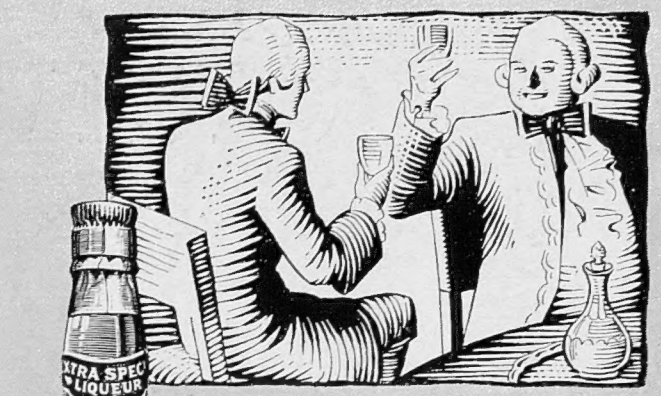

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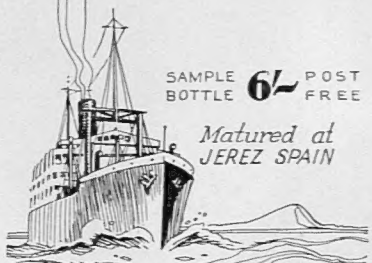

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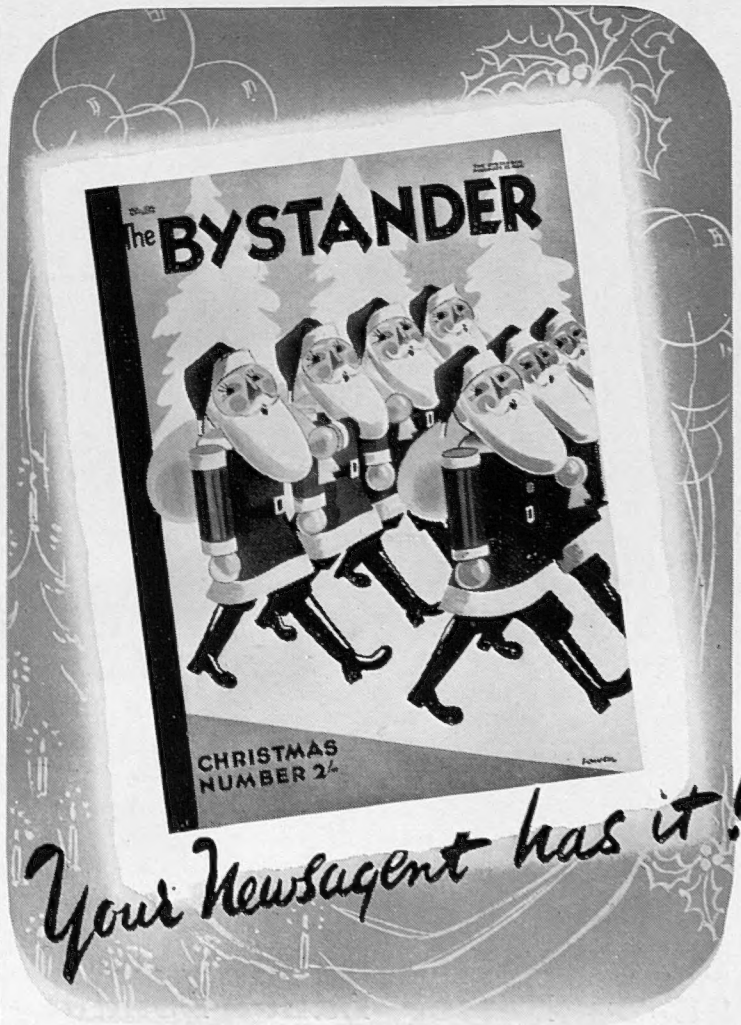

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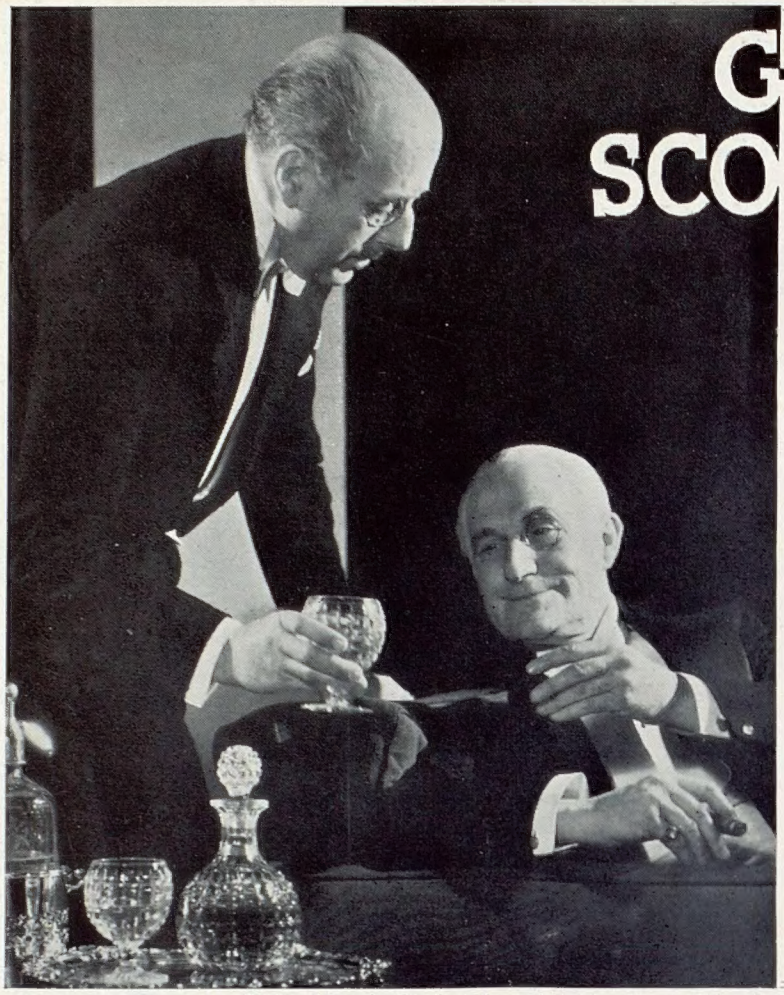

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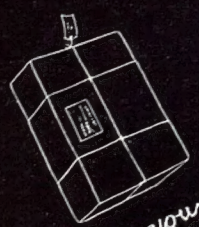

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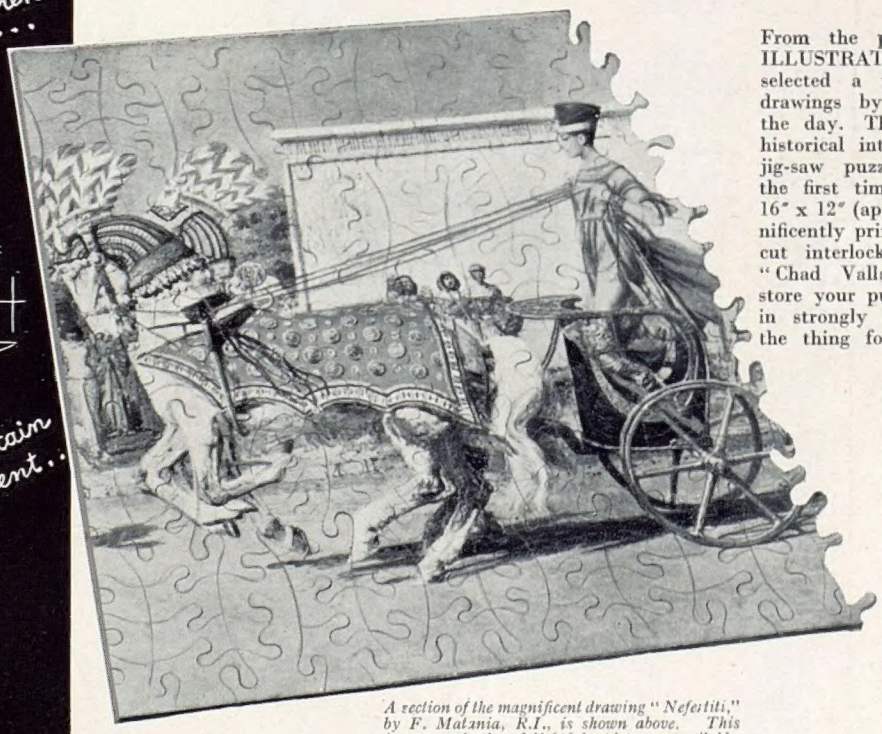

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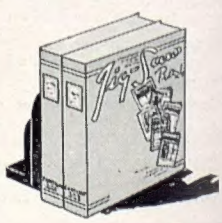
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